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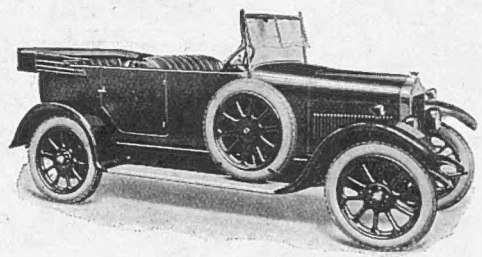

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A Wonderful Selection of Straw and Bankok Hats also white and coloured Felts for the South at Sale Prices.

V. 126.—Becoming Basket Straw **Hat,** with slightly drooping brim, trimmed Leather Flowers in contrasting colourings. In all new shades.

Usual Price **2½ Gns.**

SALE PRICE

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Remnants Half Price Thursday

V. 132. — Plaited Straw **Hat,** stitched with gold thread and trimmed ribbon velvet, in contrasting colourings. In all good shades.

Usual Price **3 Gns.**

SALE PRICE

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Quality Hose Bargain

40 Dozen Pure Silk Hose, with embroidered clox, in a great variety of Day and Evening shades. Reduced from 15/9 to

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V. 130.—Charming Fine Straw **Hat,** with shady brim trimmed swathing crepe-de-chine, and painted quills across front. Usual Price **3 Gns.**

SALE PRICE **2½ Gns.**

In Tabac, Pheasant, Flame, Copper and Royal Blue.

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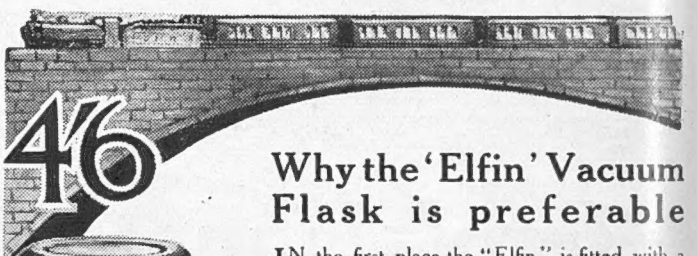

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FINAL REDUCTIONS COMMENCING NEXT MONDAY
Wonderful Bargains in all Departments

Chenille Coat (as sketch), beautifully light in weight, with rich effect. In delightful colours, suitable for house or outdoor wear. Usual Price, 12 Gns.

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Distinctive House Coat, made in Chiffon Velveteen. Perfectly tailored, trimmed silk braid. In Black, Grey Beaver, Saxe Brown.

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Outsize 4/- extra.

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"The Best Revue in London."—*Daily Express.*

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Seats booked at this Theatre for Adelphi and Apollo.

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Specialities: Filet de Sole, Rognons Beaugé, Poularde Suédoise, Bécasse Flambé.

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TEA DANSANTS 5-7. *THE CALIFORNIANS ORCHESTRA*
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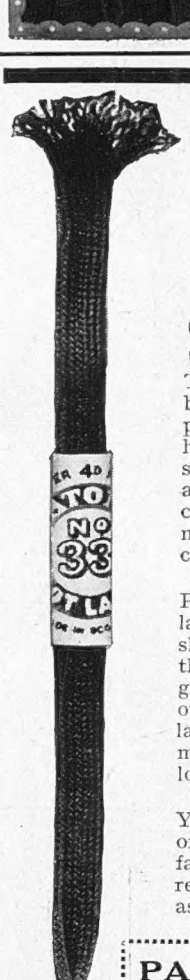

What more can a lace give you?

SEVERAL hundred strands of the highest grade thread go to the making of this lace. These laces are plaited, not woven, because of the extra strength plaiting gives, and every essential has been thought out with the same care. The tags are patent and absolutely fast, the initial colour and smartness are permanent and a No. 33 lace does not come untied.

Paton's "33" Lace will easily last the lifetime of a pair of good shoes and even in boots, where the strain on the lace is infinitely greater than in shoes, it will outwear several pairs of cheap laces, not to speak of its being a more attractive, higher-grade looking lace.

You can readily judge the quality of Paton's "33" Lace from the fact that the raw cotton alone required to make it costs as much as you pay for an inferior lace.

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is made in Ladies' Boot, Gents' Boot, Tubular Shoe, Flat Shoe shapes, in two shades, black & tan and
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In case you have difficulty in obtaining write direct to the Mills enclosing 4d., 8d., or 1/- for one, two or three pairs as desired. State colour required and whether for boots or shoes.

PATON'S "33" LACES
See the band —*on every pair*
WILLIAM PATON LIMITED,
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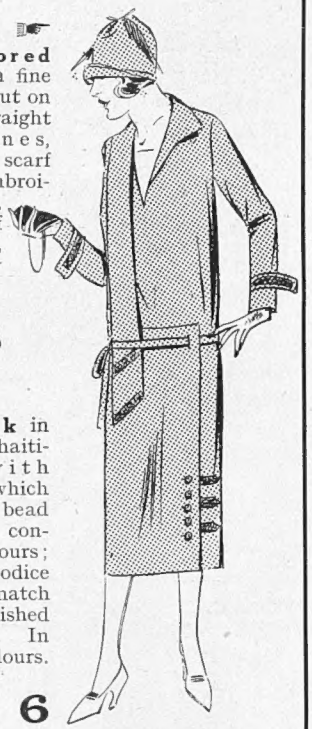
NEW SPRING CLOTHES

At Special Prices During the Sale

With a view to keeping our workers fully employed during the last few weeks, we have made up a number of Coats, Coats and Skirts, and Gowns, which have been specially designed for the forthcoming season. These garments are made from the finest quality materials, and we feel confident that in offering new and fashionable Spring clothes during our Sale at these exceptional prices, we are taking a step which will meet with the approval of our customers.

Well - Tailored Coat Frock in fine quality Repp, cut on becoming straight hanging lines, finished with scarf collar, and embroidery at cuffs, hem, and end of scarf. In Navy, Black and a few good colours.

Sale Price
98/6



Dance Frock in good quality haitienne silk with scalloped edge which is finished with bead embroidery in contrasting colours; long-waisted bodice embroidered to match foot and finished with gauging. In many artistic colours.

Sale Price
£5 18 6

Tailor-Made Costume, in fine quality men's striped suiting, well - tailored coat bound with braid to tone, and finished on pockets with buttons, well-cut wrap skirt. In Brown with various coloured stripes.

Sale Price
6½ Gns.

Evening Wrap, in rich quality Chiffon Velvet. Cut on full becoming lines, with tucked foot, and new ruched collar. Lined throughout with Satin Fulgarant in rich contrasting shades. In Black and a good range of colours.

Exceptional Value
Sale Price
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These garments can be sent on approval

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THE "COLWYN"

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Impossible to Detect.

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With absolutely Natural Skin Parting,
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SWITCHES OF PURE HAIR, SOFT & LUSTROUS

16 in.	5/9	24 in.	22/9
18 in.	8/9	26 in.	26/9
20 in.	11/9	28 in.	37/9
22 in.	15/9	Any length to order.	

Universal Hair Co.
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Slimness can be yours—naturally

TO-DAY, that coveted, lithe, slender figure of youth can be achieved *naturally*. Simply add a handful of "Cyclax" Violet Ray Bath Salts to your daily hot bath. Perseverance will be generously rewarded; in fact, after the first bath, there is a difference.

Nothing else is necessary—no special dieting—no internal remedies—only these harmless, lavender-perfumed bath salts.

"Cyclax" Violet Ray Bath Salts also relieve acidity and rheumatism.

Considering these Salts as a toilet preparation, everyone should use them in the daily bath; they make the water soft; stimulate the blood; and give a general feeling of well-being to the user.

"Cyclax"

VIOLET RAY BATH SALTS

Price 7/6 per bottle. Sufficient for 12 baths

Obtainable from High-class Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers. If any difficulty is experienced, send your order direct with name of your Chemist or Hairdresser. Write for complimentary copy of Mrs. Hemming's wonderful book, "The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty."

"CYCLAX" (Mrs. Hemming), 13 & 14(A), New Bond St., W.1; and 58(A), South Molton St.W.1. Vickers, Wilson & Co. 24, Chowringhee, Calcutta.

A. & P. S.—23.

Get the Sanitas health habit

Sick room hygiene

When there is sickness or infectious disease in the home—scarlet fever, measles, influenza—use Sanitas freely, and especially use it on anything that is likely to touch mouth and hands. It is through them that most infections are carried.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

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THE "SANITAS" CO. LTD. LIMEHOUSE, LONDON, E.

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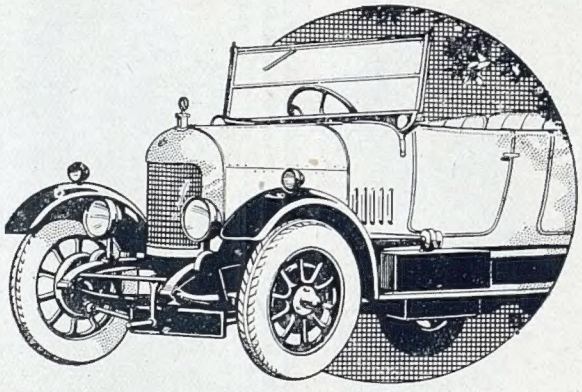

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Fully Equipped. Fully Insured
Dunlop Cord Balloon Tyres.
Front Wheel Brakes.

THE Dunlop Balloon Tyres which are now fitted on every Morris car have abolished vibration, rattle and jar, making every road a good road. The wearing qualities of these tyres make each one good for at least a 7,000 mileage.

As it is not necessary to slow down for bad patches you choose your own pace and increase your average speed.

You have not known real driving comfort until you have driven the balloon-tyred Morris.

buy British-
and be Proud of it.

MORRIS Cars

MORRIS MOTORS, LTD.,
COWLEY, OXFORD.

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The Bystander, January 21, 1925

The BYSTANDER

No. 1103. Vol. LXXXV.

LORD AND LADY NORTHESK

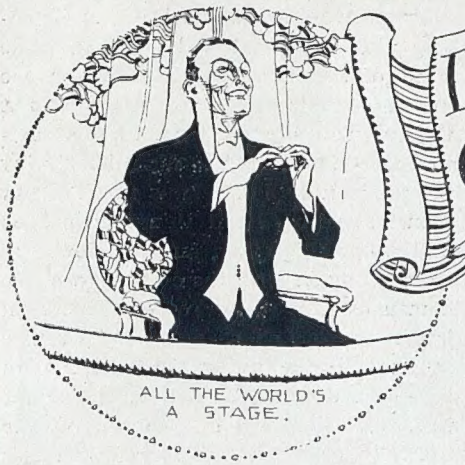
L.N.A.

As the Snow-man sees them at St. Moritz. Lady Northesk was formerly in the Ziegfeld Follies, and was well known to theatre-goers on the other side of the Atlantic as Miss Jessica Brown

A Bit of a Frost

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A SIMPLE DEVICE FOR MAKING YOUR SNOW AS YOU GO ALONG



BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Winter Sports

SWITZERLAND has not had the monopoly of Winter Sports this year, for we in England have had countless adventures by flood and field. Chief among these have been punting at Shepperton and Blind Man's Buff in the Strand.

Capture of a Column

THE cross-word puzzle has gone marching on from strength to strength. After sweeping the "popular" papers off their feet, it has even captured a column in the *Sunday Times*. One of the most expert exponents of the new pastime is Eille Norwood, the Sherlock Holmes of the films, who has an uncanny aptitude for such things. He invents the most fearsome combinations of strange words, just as he used to do when his game of "Spelka" threatened to sweep the country.

Who Was the Pioneer?

WHO printed the first cross-word puzzle in England? The epidemic has become so general that we are apt to forget that there must have been a pioneer to whom our praise or blame is due. That pioneer might easily have been myself, for long before this "dirty work at the cross-words" had started, I received an urgent letter from a friend in New York telling me of the strange new portent that had arisen in the western sky. But, having no personal enthusiasm for such things, I let the chance slip.

Artemus Ward

WOULDN'T Artemus Ward have revelled in the cross-word puzzle? "These X-wurd players is the strangest socialistic sex I ever met. I'd hearn tell of 'em, but I'd never cum into immejit contack with 'em, and I'd sot 'em down as lackin' intelleck. 'Wiltist thou not tarry and join us?' sed several of the miserabil critturs. 'I'll see you all essenshally cussed be4 I wiltist!' roared I, as mad as I cud be at their infurnal noncents."

Quick and Slick

WE seem to be drifting into a terribly quick and slick way of doing things, particularly in the matter of stage work. Of a new play we are told that it was written in three weeks, and of a new star, that she had never set foot on the stage before last Tuesday. The postman who painted an Academy picture in his spare time has been succeeded by the automobile agent who wrote and sold a song in an hour and a half. All of which is very good for the press agent, but very bad for the budding actor or author who is discouraged from serving a normal apprenticeship to his particular art. As somebody once said or sang:

A man must serve, as Jacob served,
To make a wooden chair;
But you would write a play a night,
And never turn a hair.

A Sacred Subject

FROM Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., I have received a most ingenious Gourmet's Diary, with a suitable quotation dealing with the sacred subject of food, for each day in the year. Here are a few samples, taken at random:

A child at lunch in a New York Hotel is not like anything in Heaven, or on earth, or in the waters under the earth.—*G. K. Chesterton.*

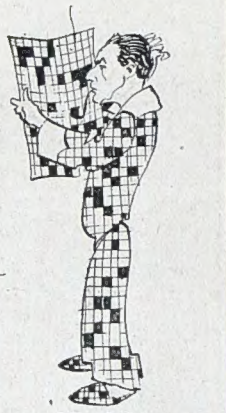
These English have an excellent judgment in liquor, Paul.—*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

Hold on to hard-boiled eggs.—*Sir J. M. Barrie.*

No cloud of indigestion lay
Across the sunshine of his day.
—*Harry Graham.*

Exit the Young Squire

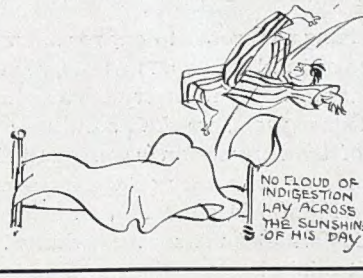
AS a result of certain legal juggling with copyholds, freeholds, and the like, the title of Lord of the Manor is to fall into disuse. No longer will the Young Squire tread the stage of the Lyceum with buoyant step. Ever since the days of William the Conqueror, he has walked his path of roses, rescuing the village maiden from the machinations of the

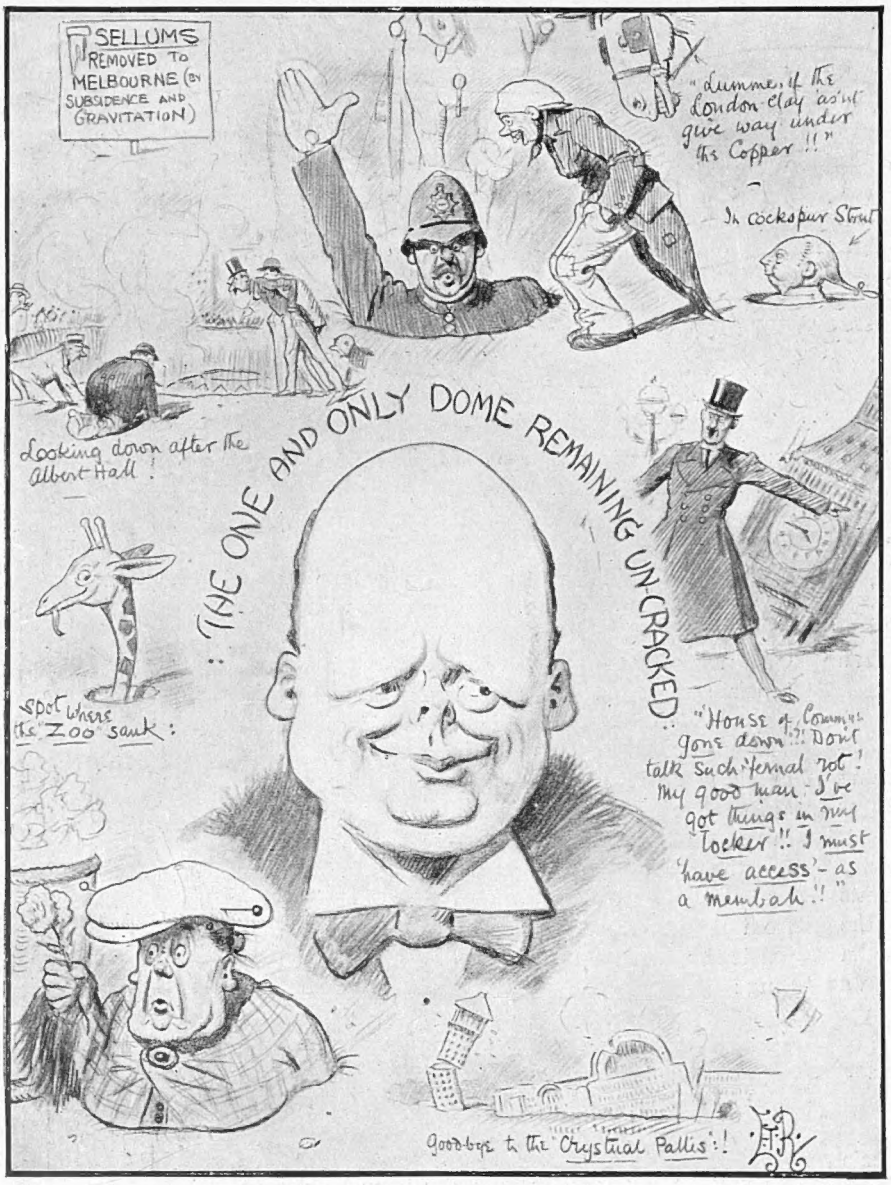

ONE OF THE MOST EXPERT EXPONENTS OF THE NEW PASTIME IS EILLE NORWOOD -

WHO PRINTED THE FIRST CROSS-WORD PUZZLE?

HAD NEVER SET FOOT ON THE STAGE BEFORE -

THE POSTMAN WHO PAINTED AN ACADEMY PICTURE IN HIS SPARE TIME -





SUBSIDENCES !

By E. T. Reed

When the London clay really *does* start swallowing things !—Some disturbing possibilities suggested by the danger to the dome of St. Paul's

unscrupulous villain, and turning up in the nick of time to prevent the old home from passing into alien hands. He was a good fellow, the Young Squire, and we shall miss him.

Black Holes of the Theatres

The dramatic critic of the *Daily Graphic*, who writes with a pungent pen when his feelings are roused, has been having a "go" at the cloakroom accommodation in West End theatres. He refers to them as Black Holes, and in some instances the facts certainly justify his attack. He singles out the Aldwych Theatre as a suitable example to pillory with his pen, but I fancy he might go further and fare worse. Have you ever queued up outside the rabbit hutch at the Vaudeville, for instance ? Perhaps some reader will help us to decide which is *really* the worst cloak-room in London.

Learning without Tears

Quite a lot of us are adding new words to our vocabulary as a result of the cross-word craze, and as the young gentlemen who chat to us nightly on our crystal sets are teaching us how to pronounce them, we shall soon have a fair working knowledge of the English language. Now, if we can invent some history or geography competition, all the atlases and primers will be sold out and we shall be well on the way to learning without tears. And what will the teachers do then, poor things ?

The Dancing Championships

The annual World's Dancing Championships seem to have caught the taste of the very large dancing public in this country. At the recent contests at the Queen's Hall the attendance of spectators, not only on the final night but during the preliminary heats, was much larger than last year. Hard things have been said about this affair, and will doubtless be said again, for there is always the human element to be reckoned with in judging such fine shades of differences as exist in the rather limited range of ball-room dancing, as well as the doubt that still hangs on the use of the word "World" in connection with this Championship. Nevertheless, one must congratulate the organisers on the tenacity that has kept these contests alive under considerable difficulties since 1909.

What About Variety ?

Much enthusiasm was shown at the recent finals, and one paper described the scene as a "Dance Contest Uproar." It was, however, mild compared with the finals at the Théâtre Marigny in 1920, when so much excitement was displayed by competitors and public that it was threatened to turn the fire hose on to them ! My only regret is that the Championships seem to kill individuality. A determined effort to revive variety was promised this year, but was conspicuous in almost every case by its absence. What a pity someone with the interests of ball-room dancing at heart did not present a prize for the best or most suitable variation for the ball-room !

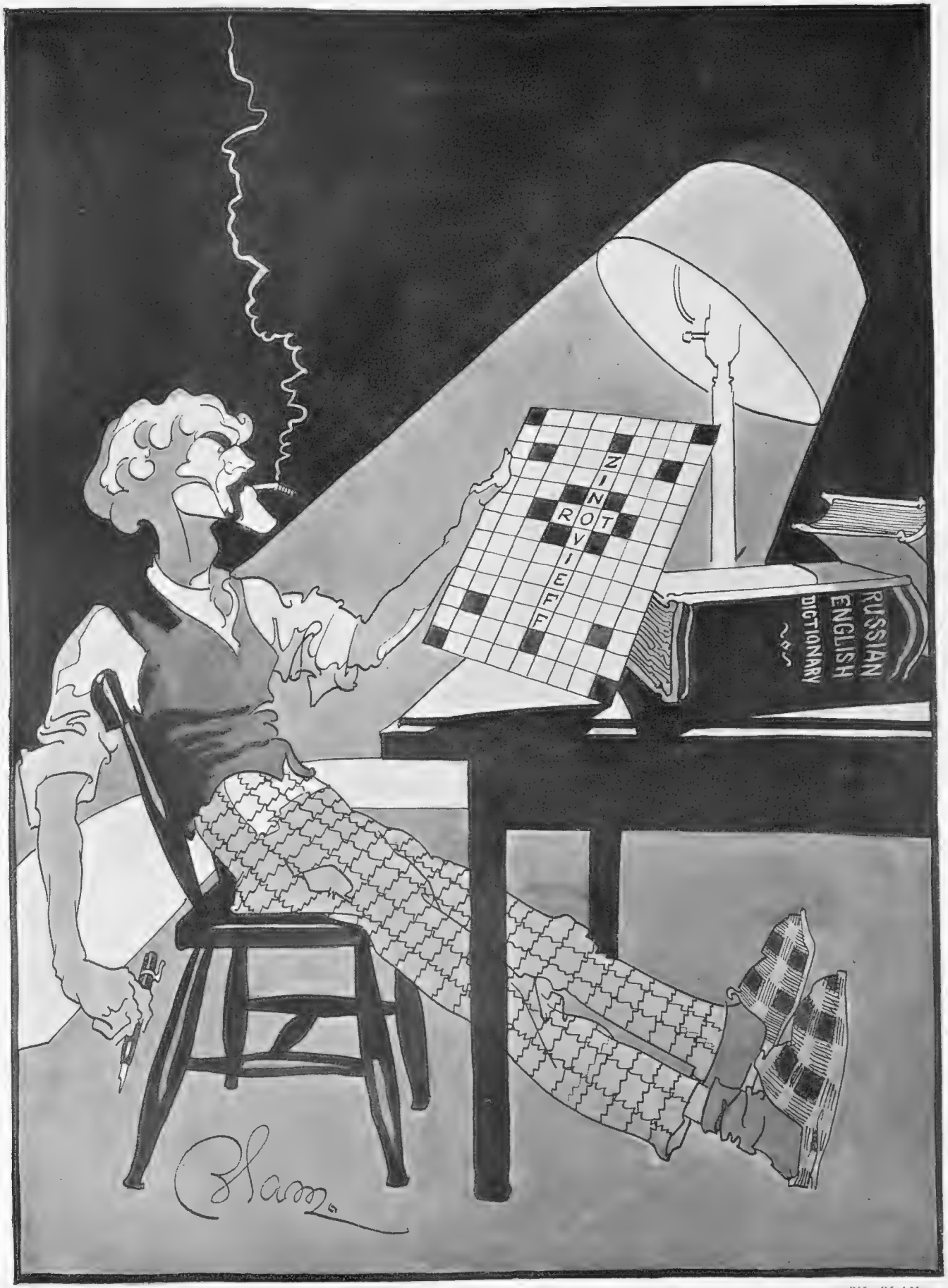
A Favourite Theory

People who attach no particular importance to the names of books, plays, or films have a lot to learn. Sometimes you get a bad book masquerading under a good title, but this is the result either of a fluke or a happy suggestion on the part of an intelligent friend. At other times but very occasionally, you find a good play with a title that does not do it justice, and in such case your suspicion of managerial interference is usually justified. All of which leads me to the remark that when I heard the title of the latest Tivoli film, *He Who Gets Slapped*, I did not need the press agent's assurance to convince me that it was something quite out of the common. The title has been intriguing me for a long time past, and I am glad to find one of my favourite theories come out in the wash.

Robert Courtneidge

The coming marriage of those two clever young stage people, Rosaline Courtneidge and Peter Haddon, suggests a reference to one of our most interesting theatrical personalities. Robert Courtneidge, father of the bride-to-be, is one of the few men controlling London theatres to-day who can be said to have a complete knowledge of their job. I don't know if the passing years have softened his methods, but he was reckoned a "holy terror" in the days when a course of Courtneidge training constituted an apprenticeship to the stage that never failed to secure definite results. It is a rather curious coincidence that he will shortly have two sons-in-law who combine an apparently casual stage method with anything but casual work behind the scenes.

Cross Purposes



BY BLAM

THE LOSSIE LOON: "I've wangled 'my cross' all right. Now to find a word of seven letters ending in 'ski' that will stand for 'British Constitution'!"

Young ambition's ladder . . . His foot is sure upon the first rung who has stamina . . . The after-climb comes easily to him who started well . . .

The nightly glass of Horlick's Malted Milk—delicious, tempting, containing all the good of pure milk, wheat and malted barley—will build body and brain and give overplus of energy to draw upon.

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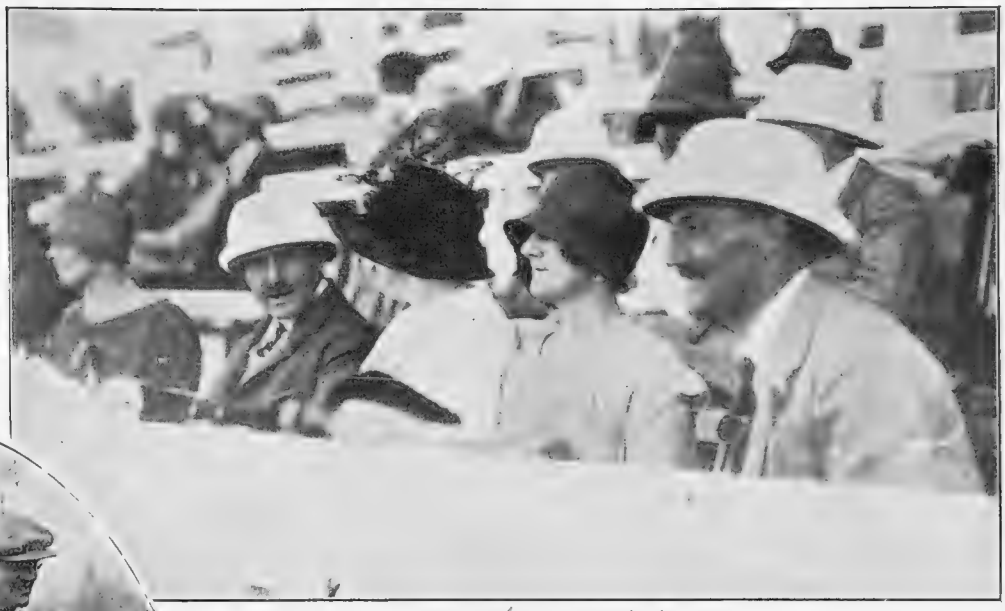
Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks.

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY



MATTERS OF COURSE IN INDIA

Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, with Lt.-Colonel the Rt. Hon. Sir Leslie Wilson (Governor of Bombay), and Lady Wilson, in the grand stand at the Bombay races

A SPORTING HOLIDAY

Prince Henry with Major Thornton at Langholm, Dumfriesshire, where the Prince has been spending a few days' shooting as the guest of Lord William Scott (the Duke of Buccleuch's second son), prior to his long-expected visit to the Duke of Buccleuch at Bowhill

The Lure of Switzerland

LAST year the Riviera was crowded to the last bathroom. This year, although the *Train Bleu* is booked weeks ahead and the lucky ones of this earth had also booked their rooms in advance, the pendulum in point of numbers seems to have swung to the Winter Sports centres.

So much so that a friend writing from St. Moritz says, "If things go on like this they will have to invent some more winter resorts. The runs everywhere are getting more and more crowded year after year, in some places uncomfortably so."

Of course, there will be a big difference at the end of the holidays, when all the 'Varsity and school folk have to come back. And how regretfully they come!

It is difficult to say which is the most popular resort. The claim lies equally, I suppose, between all the big centres. At Davos between six and seven thousand visitors were registered in the first week of this month. At St. Moritz, the Earl of Northesk, who went out immediately after his sister's, Lady Katharine Carnegie's, wedding in Christmas week, has won the Bacon Speed Cup on the Cresta, and also got a prize at a fancy dress ball. For the "Bobsleigh Ball" at the Kulm nearly a thousand tickets were sold.

One can't imagine a more delightful way of spending a winter holiday than skating, lugeing, "bobbing," or ski-ing all day long, and dancing all the evening. The fun is endless. No wonder Switzerland is crowded.

Sport and General

GOOD SHOT!—BY THE CAMERA

Lady Mary Scott, the Duke of Buccleuch's fourth daughter, with Captain Pelly at the shoot at Langholm, where Prince Henry has been spending a few days with the guns

The Liechtenstein-Brunner Wedding

THE weather was not kind to the new Princess Ferdinand of Liechtenstein on her wedding day. There was a characteristic London drizzle. In fact, the members of the Liechtenstein family, who were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Brunner in the twenty-one suites of rooms at the Carlton, of which we heard so much, must have the most unfortunate opinion of our London climate. We gave them two days of fog immediately on their arrival, and then a mizzly-drizzle for the elaborate and very golden ceremony at the Brompton Oratory. However, I have known some extremely unpleasant days for winter weddings in Vienna.

The whole thing was done very much *en prince* by the bride's parents, but one felt all the time that there was just a little too much gold about everything. Her father is chairman of Brunner-Mond and, like all the Brunners and all the Monds, extremely wealthy.

Overlooked

I TOLD told you some time ago how the astonished plenipotentiaries of the Allies, sitting in Vienna after the War, discovered the existence of Liechtenstein as a sovereign State, but it is so amusing it will bear telling again.

The plenipotentiaries were in conclave when admission was demanded for the representative of the Prince of Liechtenstein. He was told he had no standing there, but insisted on being heard.

At the Congress of Vienna, he told them, Liechtenstein had entered into an arrangement with Austria as to customs, coinage, the administration of the law, etc., very much on

"HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!" [*Realistic Travels*

The Maharaja of Indore (wearing soft cap), with members of his suite—and a victim of his marksmanship—in the Indore jungle. The Maharaja, who is a fine shot, rules over a state of 9,500 square miles

the same lines as the arrangement between Monaco and France. But there was this proviso. If the Austrian Empire ceased to exist, then, automatically, the Prince of Liechtenstein resumed all his sovereign rights. The Austrian Empire had gone, therefore the Prince had become a European Sovereign.

Documents proved the statement to be correct. When the Liechtenstein envoy was asked why the Prince had not been represented at the Versailles Conference he pointed out that such a course had been impossible. In 1866 Austria had gone to war with France, Liechtenstein fighting with Austria. France had made peace with Austria, but not with Liechtenstein, therefore Liechtenstein was still in "a state of war" with France!

The Prince, I believe, now enjoys all his sovereign rights, but the revenue from the principality is so small that it is augmented by frequent new issues of postage stamps, which find a ready sale amongst American collectors.

Prince Ferdinand of Liechtenstein, last week's bridegroom, belongs to the fourth line of the family, and as there are some twenty-five lives, perhaps more, between him and the princely throne, there does not seem much likelihood of his bride ever becoming a reigning Sovereign.

Blake Studios

A "GOLDEN" WEDDING

Prince Ferdinand Andreas de Liechtenstein with his bride, formerly Miss Shelagh Roscoe Brunner, after their wedding. The ceremony, which drew the usual excited mob of sightseers, took place at the Oratory, Brompton

Alfieri

ANSWERING THE PHOTO CALL AT THE BALL

Guests at the West Kent Hunt Ball recently held at the Wildernesse Club, Sevenoaks. The group shows seated: Miss E. Davies (left), Miss C. Davies, Mrs. Beasley, Miss Honor Smith, and Miss Symons. Standing: Mr. T. Hinds (left), Mr. P. Tidy, Mr. T. Wentworth-Brown, Mr. T. Russel, Mr. I. R. Amis and Mr. C. G. Beasley

Lord Lambourne and the Lady

LORD LAMBOURNE, for many years one of the best-known figures in the House of Commons as Colonel Mark Lockwood, and the perennial wearer of a buttonhole, has been hardly used by a lady—he calls her a "female woman." When hounds drew his coverts recently at Bishop's Hall, Romford, this "female

MASSING FOR THE FRAY [*British Illus.*

A general view of a meet of the Gelligaer and Talybont (Miss Eileen Berry's) Foxhounds at "Buckland," Bwlch, the residence of Mr. Seymour Berry. This pack, which has recently been resuscitated, is under the Mastership of Miss Eileen Berry

woman" rode down one of Lord Lambourne's garden paths, although there was "the broad farm chase not ten yards off."

At the end of the path was a wire arch. Either the horse or the "female woman" did not like the arch, and the horse was jumped over a rhododendron bush at its side. The jump resulted in the destruction "stem and root of a highly valued and wonderfully coloured vine," that Lord Lambourne has "been growing and nursing for thirty years."

The culprit has sent no apology, so Lord Lambourne has related the incident to an Essex newspaper. His conclusion is delightful:

"I understand that, among other privileges I enjoy, I have, in company with some eight or nine of my brother magistrates, the submitting of certain ladies' names as J.P.'s for Essex to the Lord Chancellor. Next time we meet I shall probably recommend this female culprit—she will do much less harm on the Bench in a lifetime than she did out hunting here in three minutes."

This for Your Comfort

SOME little while ago I spoke of the tiresome and exacting rules touching the sojourn of foreigners in France which had been introduced by the authorities. As they stood they made life a burden—visits to police stations, production of personal *dossiers* and cards of identity and other etceteras—even for a stay of fifteen days.

Naturally, all the hotel-keepers in Paris and on the Riviera were up in arms. The new rules threatened most of the butter on their bread. There have been both protests and cooings by the hotel-keepers, with the result that the Ministry of the Interior has cleverly and deftly thrown the trouble of foreigners' registration upon the hotel-keepers themselves. Foreigners now, instead of going to a *mairie* or police station, are to hand their passports, papers of identity, etc., to the hotel-keeper. This constitutes a "declaration." For this "declaration" they receive a police receipt which enables them to travel anywhere in France. If they stay a month they receive a definite card of identity, which permits them to return to France whenever they choose during a period of three years, without any further fuss or bother.

But the hotel-keepers have to obtain the police receipt and the card of identity! Clever, isn't it, when you remember that all the clamour came from the hotel-keepers?

Sport and General

TALK FOR TWO

Lady Shaw, with Lieut.-Comdr. Chambers who is one of the whips, at a recent meet of the Gosport and Fareham Beagles. The photograph was taken at Rowner Gate, near Lee-on-Solent

THE YOUNG "MASTER" [*British Illus.*

Miss Eileen Berry, the youngest M.F.H. in the Kingdom, photographed with Mr. W. Thomas at a meet of her hounds, the Gelligaer and Talybont. Though still in her 'teens, the "Master" is a keen and skilful rider to hounds

Kind Hearts and Busmen

AT one of its thickest moments in the recent fog, a long line of motor-buses were held up for hours in Sloane Street. All the passengers had drifted away, groping along the pavement to the Underground Station in

Sloane Square. Only the drivers and conductors were left—cold, helpless and shivering.

From the windows of a Sloane Street drawing-room the buses could just be seen by a kind-hearted woman. She ordered her maids to make tea and take it to the busmen just in front of her door—it was too perilous to go further to right or left.

Now, how do these things become known in a pitchy fog? They do, because in half an hour the drivers and conductors of the derelict buses all down Sloane Street were being given tea by white-capped maids from I don't know how many houses.

Beware Mysterious Telephoning!

THE number of robberies in flats and houses in the West End is alarmingly on the increase. There are dozens of them which never find their way into the newspapers. One plan, I am told, has been worked most successfully by two confederates, a man and a woman.

Some time during the day — invariably when the master or mistress, or both, are out, the woman arrives with a house-agent's order to view the house. This is the bed-rock of the plan. It is immaterial, apparently, to the thieves whether the house or flat is to be let or not. The woman's business is to get inside. If the place is to be let, then her task is easy. If it is not, she has to convince the servant that the house has been put in the agent's hands without the servant's knowledge. As the woman is well-dressed, well-spoken, and comes in a motor, this task is not difficult, though it is not always successful with intelligent servants. Having got inside the house the woman spies out the land and departs. The same evening the telephone bell rings somewhere about half past eight, and the master or mistress are enquired for by name. If they answer, an unknown voice at the other end says it has been asked to ring up that particular number, but refuses to give any name, and rings off, saying there must be a mistake.

If the master and mistress are dining out and a servant answers, the person at the other end naturally gets the information that they are not at home. I've set this all out in detail because on several occasions after a visit from the woman in the day-time, and the mysterious telephoning in the evening, flats and houses have been deftly burgled. The "orders to view" are said to be forgeries.

—AND TWO TO PLAY

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Macrae ski-ing at S. Vallorbe

Sport and General

AROUND THE RINK

Sir Bernard and Lady Wright on the rink at Mürren

A SKI THREE *L. N. A.*

Lady Alexandra Curzon (left), Lady Irene Curzon, and Lord and Lady Plunket at St. Moritz

Mrs. George Keppel's New Home

MRS. GEORGE KEPPEL has sold her house in Grosvenor Street —the palace she created out of a piano-shop, or was it a piano factory? She has taken the Villa Ombrellino at Florence, just below Bellosguardo, where Walpurga, Lady Paget lived for so many years.

The Villa Ombrellino has a gorgeous view. It is called Ombrellino because of the shape of the trees by which it is surrounded. Ombrellino in English is umbrella—not nearly so romantic or suggestive of shade as the Italian word.

Once upon a time the Villa Ombrellino belonged to the late Colonel Gough, whose etchings are now eagerly sought by connoisseurs in that line of art. He lived and died an amateur, but there are many professional etchers with only a glimmering of his talent and an echo of his perception and beauty of line.

A SUCCESSFUL "RUN" [*Sport and General*

Miss Crosthwaite (left), Mr. Knowles, Mr. B. Davis, Mr. W. J. Schofield, Mr. G. Davis, and Miss Leach out for a run at Mürren

Personalities from Switzerland

Elysian Fields—Snow Variety

An Incident

A CURIOUS, and, so far as I know, an unprecedented thing happened one day at the Villa Ombrellino. It was in late April, when Florence has the temperature of our early English summer. Colonel and Mrs. Gough had a luncheon party. Suddenly, in the middle of the meal, there was a loud explosion. A siphon of soda-water standing on the table had burst.

The table-cloth, the flowers, knives and forks were all covered with a microscopic glittering dust, but not a grain of that dust fell on the guests.

It was a remarkable happening, because the bursting siphon could easily have killed anybody sitting near it, and failing that most of those present might have been blinded by the finely powdered glass.

Sport and General

A HIM—AND TWO OTHERS—BEFORE ACTION

A trio from Mürren. Mr. H. A. Haynes, (left), Mrs. Haynes, and Miss D. Atkinson

Grey of Falloden—and further, a nephew of Mrs. Asquith, was starting a night club in Soho, to be called "The Gargoyle."

It has been opened, last week, but Mrs. Asquith says she has never heard of it or "ever asked to be a member." The regulations are such that there is no possibility of "The Gargoyle" being raided.

Central Press

TAKING IT EASY

A group at Wengen, showing Mr. S. Cunliffe-Owen (left), Mrs. Cunliffe-Owen, Mr. J. Lumley-Owen, Mr. H. R. Owen, and Miss K. Cunliffe-Owen

English in Czecho-Slovakia

I WAS under the impression that French was the "most favoured" language in Czecho-Slovakia. German is taboo, and the Czechs must have some means of communication with the outside world, for their own language is so difficult that very few foreigners have the time to learn it. But now I hear there is a widespread interest in the English language, so much so that *Národní Listý*, the leading newspaper in Prague, is issuing a weekly supplement in English called *English Wednesday*. Four years ago the English University College was founded in Prague, and since then thirty thousand pupils have taken lessons in English. All this will be welcome news to people visiting Czecho-Slovakia.

The Gargoyle Club

I TOLD you some little time ago that the Hon. David Tennant, brother to my Lord Glenconner, son to my Lady Viscountess Grey of Falloden—and, therefore, stepson to my Lord Viscount

A CORNER IN EXPERTS

Three ski-ers at Mürren. Mr. Arnold Lunn (left), the Hon. Neville Lytton, and Mr. C. E. W. Mackintosh

L. N. A.

A FASHION WRINKLE FROM THE RINK

Mrs. Davencourt on the rink at St. Moritz

Our Birthday Ball Prize-Winners

IN our issue of January 7, we published 101 winning programme numbers from THE BYSTANDER Birthday Ball at the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve. The holder of ticket No. 3,635 is

Mrs. PHILIP MAUFE,
"Stonedene," Myddelton,
Ilkley, YORKSHIRE.

Mrs. Maufe is to visit Monsieur Péron, the well-known fashion expert, and receive her hundred-guinea gift of costumes. Of the remaining hundred numbers, over seventy programme-holders have already sent in their claims, which will entitle them to receive a two-guinea pair of shoes from Babers, of Oxford Street. The remaining numbers are arriving by every post.

WHERE MONT BLANC CASTS ITS GIANT SHADOW

A bob-sleigh team being towed to the starting point for the races at Chamonix

Gossip from Winter Sports Land

"I TELL you the beastly old world has gone mad . . . stark raving mad!" groaned the petulant winter sports seeker for the umpteenth time, as we laboured to the summit of a grassy alp. "Look at this," he yelled, as he viciously swiped the head off an inoffensive primrose. "The times are out of joint, my lad, and if we don't get an earthquake or something ghastly one of these days I shall be much surprised."

Well, there certainly did seem until recently to be something wrong with the Swiss weather this winter. But if weeks of glorious sunshine, with just enough snap in the air to produce superlative ice for skaters and curlers is madness . . . well, as far as I am concerned, the jolly old world can continue insane as long as it likes.

SINCE the above episode, however, fresh falls of snow have answered the prayers of the Sports crowd which has fallen locust-like on the Alps this winter, and as the stereotyped phrase goes, "all sports are now in full swing." Once again nerveless men and women are riding the Cresta with all the joyful abandon of children sliding downstairs on tea-trays, while the neighbouring bob-run is working overtime, as it were, sending down crews much as the spiral toboggan at Wembley does in crush hours. But curling has filched many devotees from the tobogganer's ranks this year, with the result that the "roarin' game" is occupying about 100 per cent more ice space than ever before. Hockey likewise now claims more "fans" than the rinks can conveniently accommodate, and even those approaching the "sere and yellow" have fallen to the lures of "rabbits" and other such irresponsibilities. Some say the wonderful performances of the English 'Varsity teams and the ferocious "London Lions" are responsible for the new craze! In any case they have shown that not alone in the football field is Britain supreme!

OWING to the lack of snow in December, sports programmes at many of the resorts were much delayed, so there is a heavy list of important events still awaiting decision.

St. Moritz's "Ascot on ice" is fixed for February 1st, while the Bob-sleigh Derby and the Cresta Grand National are down for decision on February 20 and 23 respectively. The hotels are all overflowing, and even Monte can show nothing better in the way of mirthful abandon.

IT is perhaps a bit exaggerating to say that one half of *Who's Who* is holidaying in the Alps this season, but the visitors' lists contain most impressive evidence of a plethora of famous men and women.

At the big hotels at St. Moritz entertainment has been on a lavish scale. At the Palace, at a recent function, the Marquis Donegall and Mrs. St. George were dining with Mrs. Richard A. Parke, while at an adjoining table were Sir Robert and Lady Abdy, and Sir Charles Mendl with Lady Davis. Lady Irene Curzon had a party at the Suvretta House, which included Viscount Ockham. Lord and Lady Rathcreedan, Mr. Lyle Samuel, M.P., and Mrs. Samuel had parties for the fancy dress ball at the Grand. Lord and Lady Northesk, Sir George and Lady Watson and Lord Cochrane were amongst the dancers at the Carlton ball a few nights later. None, of course, could resist the magnet of the Kulm ball, and space for another fifty couples would not have been too much.

THE great ski event of the season will be the Swiss national meeting at Engelberg on February 7, when some of the best ski-ers in Europe will compete. Another important event is the Ladies' Figure Skating Championship at Davos on January 31 and following days.

FROM A BEDROOM WINDOW

A striking photograph of the mighty Wetterhorn taken from the window of an hotel at Grindelwald, some five miles away

FROM A TREE TOP

A view of the famous Cresta Run at St. Moritz, photographed from a lofty pine. A "spot" of tobogganing is visible round the bend

Grindelwald teams are practising hard for the Jackson Cup, the curlers' blue ribbon, while skaters at Mürren are developing an alarming amount of "edge" in preparation for the Lytton contest.

THIS season one has to "hand it" to Wengen for providing easy ski-ing because even in the mildest weather visitors were able to get all they wanted on the flanks of the Jungfrau.

At Gstaad, the Nevada for novices *and* experts is again to be opened, and a cup will be run for on January 25. Six days later come the only races "over sticks" on ice in Switzerland. Château d'Oex offers its guests a series of ski meetings, horse-races, hockey matches, Venetian fêtes, and snow modelling contests. Not a bad programme for the end of January! Lady Dance is at Caux, where are also Sir Mark and Lady Sheldon, Captain and Mrs. Long, and Lady James Douglas.

MORE WINTER SPORTS—INDOOR VARIETY [*Topical*

A fancy dress Ball at the Alexandra Hotel, Arosa—showing that Winter "sports" in Switzerland need not be out of doors *all* the time

ONE of the most enjoyable and popular events of the season was the annual fancy dress ball at the Grand Hotel, Territet. Amongst those present were Lady James Douglas, Mr. E. Hennessy, M.P., Prince Abd-El-Monein, Baron and Baroness Gravenitz, Lieut.-Colonel R. B. Johnson, and Major and Mrs. Cotesworth.

Sir Eric Drummond, Secretary-General of the League of Nations, has been enjoying a stay at Gstaad with Lady Drummond, other notabilities being the Gaekwar of Baroda, Lady Horlick, the Marquis of Clydesdale, and the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton.

Sir Claude and Lady Schuster are at Mürren, where are also Lieut.-General Sir Charles and Lady Dobell, Admiral Sir Charles and Lady Kingsmill, Sir Geoffrey and Lady Salmond, and Lady Raeburn.

WITH the return of hard frost the Grand Rink at Regina Palace, Beatenberg, is now open. Colonel Jellicoe of Aldershot is this year's chairman of sports committee. The curling and skating sub-committees are presided over by Mr. R. Inghram Gunn of Bristol, and Mr. H. Pollock-Wylie, the veteran Scottish champion and record holder. The latter was judging at St. Moritz last season. H. C. J.

A 'VARSITY MATCH IN UNUSUAL SURROUNDINGS [*Sport and General*

A general view of an Oxford and Cambridge ice-hockey match—a frequent occurrence at Mürren during the vac.

The Riviera Week by Week

By J. GALBRAITH HORN

Topical

BEFORE THE (NON-POLITICAL) ADDRESS

Lord Derby, a driving force in politics—to say nothing of golf—surveys the lay of the land from the first tee on the Mandelieu Golf Course

Topical

OFF TO "SERVICE"—

On the tennis courts at Cannes. The photograph shows Sir George and Lady Duckworth-King on their way to battle, with rackets correctly carried at the "short trail"

MONTE CARLO

NEVER have travel facilities been so great towards the land of perpetual Spring. Huge ocean racers of the White Star, Royal Mail, Fabre, Canadian Pacific, Cunard, Red Star, Holland America, United States, and other lines, bring crowds almost direct to Monaco from the United States, from England, and from the East, while the various ports are full of private yachts. There are shorter services by steamers to Corsica, Algiers, etc., while air services are rapidly developing, and the hoots of every imaginable motor from all the capitals of Europe announce the arrivals of the leisured to share in the pleasure here. Thus in eight days alone, between January 20 and 27, the *Adriatic*, *Orbita*, *Arcadian*, *Patria*, *Madona*, and *Empress of France* arrive at Monaco.

LORD WALERAN'S charming Country Club, of which the Duke of Connaught is the patron, at the Villa Picciola by the shore beyond Cap Martin, is very popular, and many delightful parties are arranged there by the members.

Lieut.-Colonel Poynder Meares resigned the office of British Vice-Consul on January 5. Sir Charles Clipperton (Inspector-General of Consulates) has been here for some weeks to recommend a fresh appointment. Meantime Mr. Guy Hogg has been appointed Acting Vice-Consul. Sir Charles has sent 8,210 francs to Earl Haig's Fund for the Armistice Day collections here in 1923 and 1924, which amounted to 3,557 francs in 1923 and 5,263 francs in 1924, less 610 francs expended for an ex-service man.

THERE was a very large gathering at the Baroness Orczy's tea on January 1, when M. Henri Wageman, M. Humberto Benedetti, and M. Richard Barthelemy rendered music from Beethoven, Saint-Saëns, Stravinsky, Popper and Chaminade. Songs were given by Mr. Easthope Martin, and "Cherry Ripe" by Mr. Cyril Scott. Mr. Montagu Barstow's large studio, where the concert took place, and the whole Villa Bijou were thronged by friends of these kind hosts, whose presence here is an asset to Monte Carlo. They have done much for the new English Church of St. Paul, of which Mr. Barstow is churchwarden, along with Commander Spicer-Simson of the Villa Helvetia. A special collection is in progress to provide 50,000 francs to free the church of debt incurred for the final furnishing of the church and its various supplementary rooms. Subscriptions can be sent to the Rev. J. B. Marsh or to the churchwardens. Last year four services were held at the Villa Bijou and afterwards the Hotel Metropole lent a large hall. At the Villa Bijou the guests included Admiral Sir John and Lady Parry, Lady Eardley Wilmot, Lord and Lady Waleran, Lady Clancarty, Lady Fulton, Lord Mar, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Chunn, Miss Bacon, Lady Spearman, Colonel Michael Hughes, Hon. Reginald and Mrs. Brougham, Mrs. Uniacke, Mr. and Mrs. Gaythorne Hill, Lady Watts, Brigadier-General and Mrs. Weir, Miss Victoria Campbell, Sir Thomas and Lady Gallwey, Lady Yarworth-Jones, Count and Countess de Bourbel, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Copland, Lady St. John, Lady Tennant, Mrs. Rigby Murray, Mr. Easthope Martin, Dr. and Mrs. Pryce Mitchell, etc.

A "NOVEL" SITUATION [*G.P.U.*

Baroness Orczy at work in the garden of her villa at Monte Carlo dictating part of a new novel to her secretary. The Baroness, whose work is well known to "Bystander" readers, is in private life Mrs. Montagu Barstow

Sport and General

LOOKING AHEAD

Mrs. Jay O'Brian and "friend"—as it is the fashion to say—in action on the golf course at Cannes. The "friend" is obviously a man of "iron"

C. N. Daly

NOW THAT WEMBLEY'S OVER

Lord Stevenson, last year's Chairman of the British Empire Exhibition, enjoying the lighter side of life at the Carlton Club, Cannes. With him are Lady Stevenson and her two daughters

E. Navello

A GAME OF (CAMERA) SNAP ON THE TERRACE

A group of visitors at Monte Carlo, including Lord Aberconway (left), Lady Ellis, Sir Charles Ellis, the Hon. Diana Darling and Lord Darling—the last named now freed from alphabetical cares

E. Navello

CONTEMPLATION

Sir Robert and Lady Hudson pause for a momentary photographic reflection on their morning walk at Monte Carlo. Lady Hudson is the widow of Lord Northcliffe

C. N. Daly

CONTRASTS ON COURT

Miss Bennett (left) and Miss Ryan, the international Californian lawn tennis player, present a marked dress contrast on the courts at Cannes. Miss Ryan's jumper-coat is certainly a little startling!

E. Navello

MAINLY ABOUT MONTE—

But including two sun-seekers on the Côte d'Azur, yclept Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Cooper-Smith. The latter is the younger daughter of the late Lord Glantawe, and married Mr. Cooper-Smith in 1920

E. Navello

OUR BETTORS

Major-General the Hon. Sir William and Lady Lambton considering the problem of what - and what not - to back at the popular Nice race-meeting which is one of the big attractions of the New Year

MISS NORA JOHNSTON is a welcome visitor here, where she has many friends, and is rapidly recovering from the motor accident which broke three ribs and prevented her taking her part in Maeterlinck's play for a fourth Christmas season. During the summer she has shared the management of the Comedy Theatre, which presented Grand Guignol plays, in which she also took a leading part. She is shortly off with the full London *Blue Bird* company for a prolonged tour of the provinces. Truly a notable beginning of a career. She found the Sporting Club very full the other night, and could not get a *croupier* to stake on zero for her. However, a man who had a seat kindly put the louis on for her just in time and put two on for himself, observing that she seemed very certain of winning. Everyone has felt like that, but this time it came off. Zero turned up, a fact—that reads like fiction!

LOTS of interesting New Year visitors are here, and the famous Salle Empire at the Paris is twice as full of distinguished men and beautiful women as at this time last year. Ciro, Re, the Ambassadeurs and the Capitole are often crammed on gala nights. At the last recently, there were over 350 dinners served and 600 suppers one night, while the cabaret there, like the Carlton, is often pretty full "till daylight doth appear."

The people who won't go home till morning have in fact been rather trying to light sleepers, though seldom more than pardonably merry. One of the bands at the Capitole was formed regardless of expense by selecting the finest players from the best bands in Europe. The band at the Ambassadeurs, so well-known in London at the "Midnight Follies," notably expresses the soul of dance music in soft tones; it compels aged toes to twinkle. J. G. H.

Motley Musings

Splitting Differences

Breathes there a man so churlish who derides
The Happy Humorist who splits his sides?
And what so good when on a country road as
A chum who's not averse to splitting sodas?
Yet it is true the stylist ne'er forgives
Writers for splitting their infinitives;
And cool contempt for every boy or gal
We feel if they should split upon a pal;
Yet even I have one of Laughter's fits,
Whene'er a portly actress does "the splits"!

. . . . . .

"Well," remarked our char-lady on hearing that the Jutland controversy had been re-opened, "say what you will, but if we 'adn't 'ad that there Beatty, we'd all 'ave been blown to Jellicoe!"

. . . .

A well-known actor says that most first nights are a perfect nightmare to him. And so they are to a lot of audiences.

. . . .

Heard in the vestibule of a certain theatre: "Yes, dear, I know; but, anyhow, *we can say we've seen it!*"

. . . .

I want a little, Dicky, dear;
I do not ask a lot;
I know (quoth she) of £ s. d.
No large amount you've got;
So re that car (I'm not extravagant),
A little dicky, dear, is all I want!

. . . .

"Making blotting-paper is a fascinating employment," says a trade journal. It is pleasant to know that some people are absorbed in their work.

Everybody's Doing It!

1

Auntie's poring over our old atlas;
Grandpa says the numbers are not clear;
Mother's gone to pitch in
Ann Maria in the kitchen,
'Cos the latter wants "a substitute for beer!"
I've my hands full helping Uncle Silas
Wrench the puzzle-sheet from Uncle Jim;
Patient sister Fanny
Is attempting to tell Granny
That a synagogue is not a synonym!

2

Jane has gone and let the study fire out;
Nurse is teaching Baby how to learn;
Soon there'll be a squabble
When my elder brother Bob'll
Bag our only dictionary out of turn!
My cousin has been putting down imposs. words;
And a message from the station's just come through
That Father has been having Charing Cross words,
For where his ticket was he'd not "a clue"!

. . . . . .

"Smoke and be ugly," writes a famous actress. What we want to know is—Does she practise what she preaches?

"Define an aunt, a flapper and a vamp" was a question lately set in a general knowledge paper. One of the answers was:

(*a*) Sainted.
(*b*) Painted.
(*c*) Tainted.

. . . .

"But you told me, Mrs. Jenks," said the district visitor, "that if your husband would consent to the operation he would recover."

"Well, miss," replied the widow, "that's what the doctor bled 'im to believe."

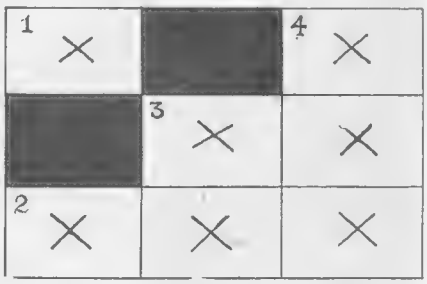
. . . . . .

One of the clues in a recent cross-word puzzle was "substitute for food." Our housekeeper immediately plumped for "bread"!

. . . . . .

The World's Immortal Cross-word Puzzle

Professor Oozleberry (whom Heaven forgive) has submitted the following masterpiece:



Clues
(*Down*)

(1) Our cook's favourite number.
(2) An algebraical symbol.
(3) What we don't like to meet.
(4) My uncle's daily beverage.

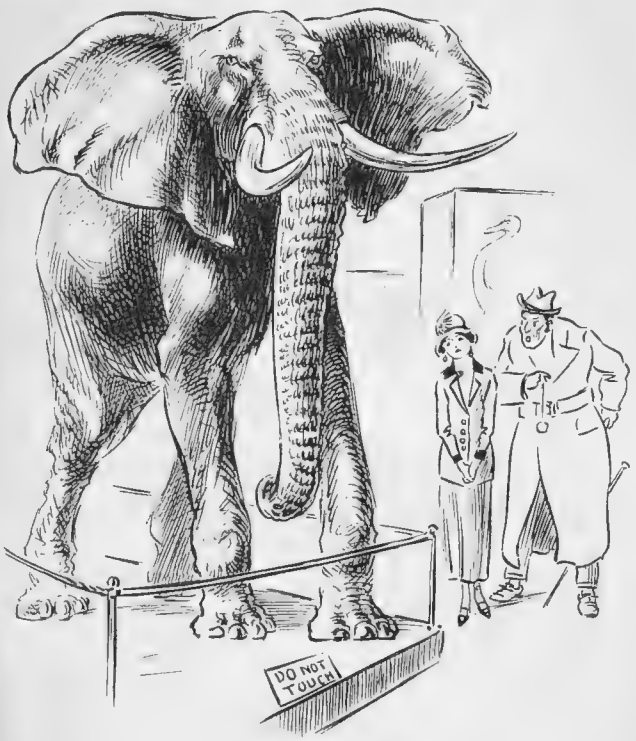
N.B.—If you're five down at the finish, don't worry. HARTLEY CARRICK

By George S. Dixon

WHITE CARGO

"Wonder wot 'e's got in the 'aversack, Jim?"
"Why, snow ter practise on, o' course!"

Earmarked by our Fashion Expert



(Ambitious damsel) "Ah! What could'nt one do with a pair of ears like that!"

What's bred in the bone, will out in the ear-ring.

Why not turn the ear-ring craze to practical account..... and relieve Hubby during the Winter Sales

"Oh George, how quite too hopelessly divine!"

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

Four aspects of the latest cult for long ear-rings, showing their uses—and abuses

Produced December 26th, 1924

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

IT is a financial tradition of the stage that Shakespeare spells Ruin. So, by the way, does Rum. Therefore prudent people dilute their rum with less potent liquids. The Management of Drury Lane seem to have acted on this principle by diluting ruinous Shakespeare with Mendelssohn and Fokine. In this way Mr. Basil Dean, whose production is a memorable one, has disarmed the criticism of those who feared he might be trying to educate the public, and to do good by stealth. After all, an entertainment is, I take it, to be judged by the extent to which it entertains. We learned long ago that it is no use telling the British public that because a work of art has borne the hall-mark of excellence for centuries, therefore they ought to be completely entertained by it. British people are like facts, stubborn things; and if they show any consistency at all it is in their steadfast refusal to be guided by recognised authority in respect of their amusements. Myself, I take the strange view that the British Empire exists only because our people will not be led, but must be leaders themselves. In my less responsible moments, I have even been to the length of asking myself where we should be now if we had always respected the Ten Commandments.

SO, for those who are scared by the name of Shakespeare, there remain Mendelssohn's airs and Fokine's ballets; and it must be admitted that by the side of this brilliant production earlier efforts seem tawdry. Mr. Basil Dean has broken away from the Victorian methods of red plush and wax flowers, and has been bold enough to try to paint the lily and gild refined gold in the hope of giving unremunerative Shakespeare a commercial as well as an artistic value, and thus arouse popular interest in the mediæval English of a very English play. Apart from his side-shows of Mendelssohn and Fokine, his first and most successful essay in originality is shown in his interpretation of the character of Puck.

SHAKESPEARE calls Puck a fairy, and as nobody knows what a fairy is, it follows that it may be anything. I think this is sound logic. Hitherto Puck has usually been played either by a precocious boy or an immature young lady with straight legs. But as the King and Queen of the Fairies are always played by grown-ups there seems no reason why Puck should not be just as substantially represented. And since Puck's kingdom here is a Wood, it seems to me to have been a happy idea to present him in the guise of Pan or Faunus, as he appears here. This conception of the part at once lifts it from the realm of stereotyped convention, at the same time enabling it to be placed in the hands of an accomplished comedian. Mr. Hay Petrie's Puck is one of the outstanding charms of the production, and his playful antics supply an entirely new reading of a part that is usually a little vapid and characterless.

I DO not pretend to be able to follow clearly all the ramifications of the producer's originality. The Wood, for instance, is not so much like a wood as a disused quarry. But this arrangement may have been due to the exigencies of the ballet, since the fairies, instead of skipping lightly over the grassy sward, run up and down natural steps in the stonework, which is, perhaps, not an ideal soil for growing trees. The flying fairies are, of course, no novelty. If my memory serves me rightly, it was at this theatre many, many moons ago that a "Flying Ballet" was introduced as a startling and attractive novelty by Augustus Harris in one of his pantomimes. At that date the fairies were fully grown young ladies, whose anxious faces in mid-air seemed to indicate that they were praying devoutly that if they had to fall they would hit something soft. At Drury Lane now, however, the fairies are light and airy little creatures, who seem thoroughly to enjoy their little swings and roundabouts. Besides which, of course, through the years

turned into a different kind of tree altogether. Myself, if I went to sleep under, say, a banana tree and woke up and found that it had meanwhile changed into a stately elm, I should certainly want to make some comment on the miracle, if, indeed, I did not rush away in order to sign on promptly as a Little Son of Temperance, or whatever it is they call the chaps. It is in this Wood that the mischievous Puck anoints the eyelids of people so that they shall fall in love with the other girl or the other man instead. Of course, no such ointment exists in our time, otherwise, we might be able more lucidly to explain Brighton Front during the week-end.

THE play within a play causes much explosive mirth, especially from the standard recipe for producing juvenile laughter. He has also a loose-fitting wig which is of itself a born humorist, as you might say. Mr. Miles Mallison with his inane laugh in the exalted presence of the Duke, is excellent company, while Mr. Frank Cellier's Quince is quite perfect comedy.

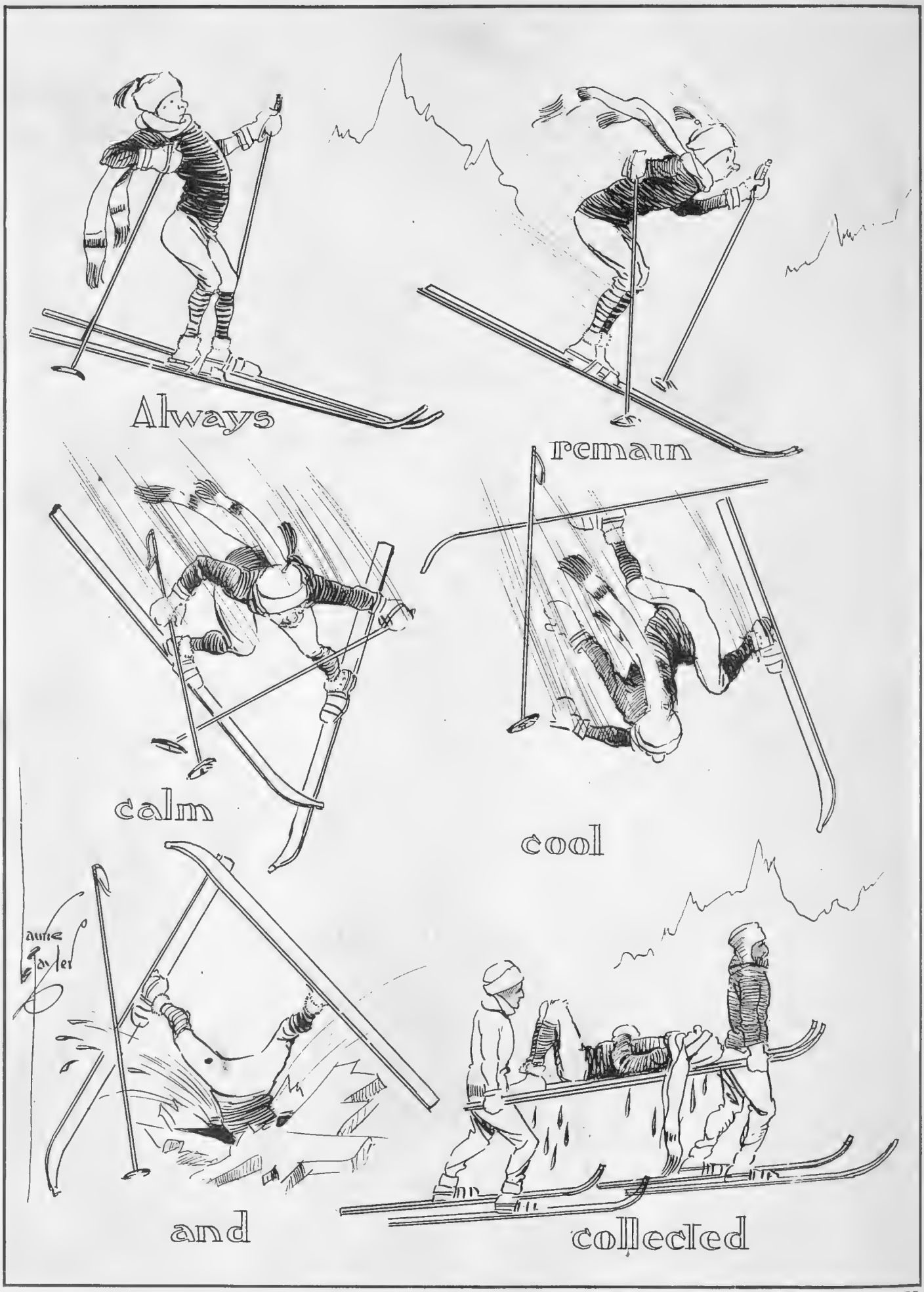
BOTTOM the Weaver who, turned into an ass, becomes Titania's true love for a brief hour, and declines to discuss his experience, doubtless on the time-honoured principle of Kiss and Never Tell, is finely and sturdily represented by Mr. Wilfrid Walter. Mr. Robert Harris's enviable elocution in the part of Oberon is a distinct attraction, and Miss Frangçon-Davies as Titania is simply sweet. Mr. Leon Quartermaine's Lysander is excellent, and Miss Edith Evans as Helena is richly comic, especially when she comes out with "O, Hell!" a phrase that has changed its complexion since the spacious days of Elizabeth, and now excites mirth instead of pity. The present management of Drury Lane Theatre Royal have shown a fine courage in their magnificent and expensive production of this delightful fantasy, and it remains to be seen whether the Thinking Public will respond with equal generosity.

JINGLE

the flying mechanism has been perfected, so that it is now not only quite safe, but less obvious to the audience.

ANOTHER point of the production that fogs me a little is the changing of the scene while the characters concerned remain on the stage. As you know, Lysander persuaded Hermia to join him in the Wood so that they could go and call on his distant aunt (how history does repeat itself, to be sure!) and when night overtook them they had no resting place but the grassy sward. Lysander, with characteristic masculine guile, proposed that they should both occupy the same patch of turf; but Hermia, with the truer perspective of the feminine mind, urged him to find a resting place some distance away. The two are no sooner asleep than Demetrius and Helena arrive by turns, and curl up by the side of Hermia.

A LITTLE later the roseate hues of early dawn appear leisurely to the accompaniment of a soothing outbreak by Mendelssohn. Then Titania's bower, which occupied a prominent place in the scene, disappears; but as the bower is supposed to be only imaginary, we can pass that. Then the tree under which the young people are lying goes one better than the traditional leopard, and changes its spots. It is children, since the actors treat it from the broadly comic view. Mr. Clifford Mollison, for instance, who plays Thisbe in a long skirt, does not hesitate now and then to trip over his unaccustomed garment and fall headlong, and that as we know is a



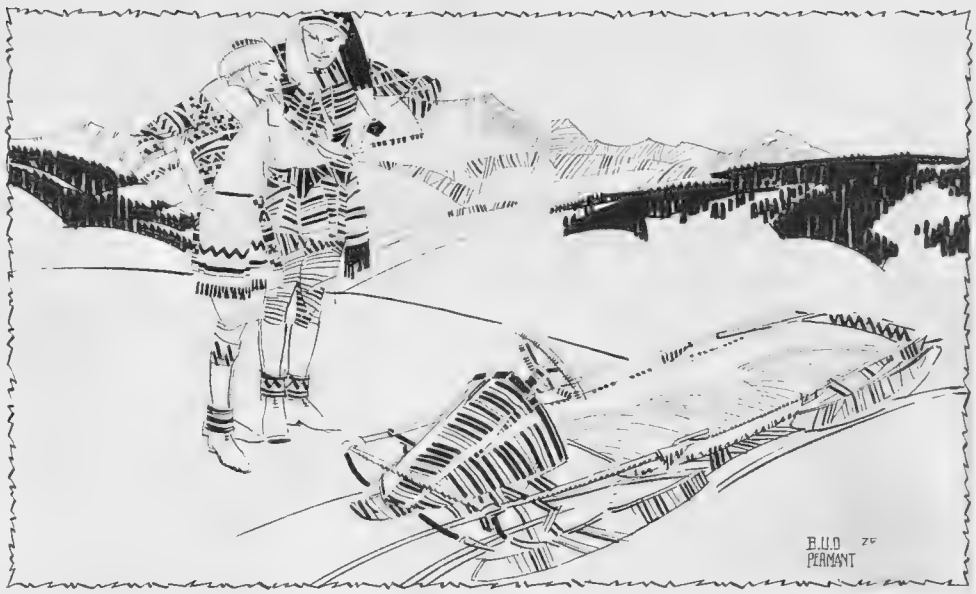
BY LAURIE TAYLER

SKI WHO MUST BE OBEYED

ONE BOB'S WORTH

By A. A. THOMSON

Illustrated by BUD PERMANT



"'This,' I explained, 'is the bob'"

I DON'T know which colour was the most wonderful: the blue of the sky, the dazzling white of the snow, or the burnished gold of Sheila's hair as it peeped out from under her fur cap.

"You're coming bobbing with me this afternoon," I said.

"How exciting!" laughed Sheila; "curling in the morning, bobbing in the afternoon. It sounds like a hair-dresser's holiday."

"This," I explained, "is the bob."

Sheila surveyed the long, narrow body of the bobsleigh with interest. "Do you think I ought to call him Bob at our first meeting?" she inquired. "Wouldn't Robert be more respectful?"

"Oh, the bob won't mind. You see, the four-seater is called a bob, whereas your luge——"

"Is only a shingle-seater. I see. What's this funny wheel-thing at the front?"

"That, my child, is the steering-gear. Neat, isn't it?"

"I don't know. It looks like . . . one of those circumstances over which we have no control. Are there no sprockets or sparking plugs or things?"

"Certainly not," I replied. "The bob does all the necessary sparking once we've started. And, oh, by the way, Sheila—I knew I'd tied a knot in my muffler for something—I suppose you wouldn't care to marry me, would you?"

"I should be delighted."

"Oh, don't say that. You've spoiled everything. I'd thought out such a thrilling fate if you'd refused me."

"Very well, then," laughed Sheila, "I refuse you."

"Without a word the young man turned and dived head first into the crevasse. Sixty years elapse. On the edge of the glacier a white-haired old lady——"

"Good gracious! Is that me?"

"Yes. You see, I've been embedded in the glacier all the time like a prawn in aspic, and——"

"Don't be horrid. Seriously, you know I'd marry you if Teddy would let me."

(Teddy is Sheila's male parent. It always shocks me to hear such a rich man spoken of so disrespectfully.)

"And speaking of angels . . ." she added.

Two figures were striding towards us up the steep snow-covered road at the side of the bob-run—Sheila's brother Bill and the parental Teddy, portly and plus-foured.

"Well met, sirs," I hailed them. "Two and two make four. Four plus a bob make a bob team. Any more for the *Skylark*?"

"Who's going to steer us?" demanded Bill.

"I'm going to steer with my little gear," I replied, poetically.

"Then I'm going home," said Sheila's father. "I have no intention of finishing up as an anatomical cross-word puzzle."

"Oh, don't be a coward, sir! Think of all those newspaper insurance coupons you've filled up, which are eating their heads off at home. Why, even if we have an accident you ought to be grateful——"

"Come on," growled Bill. "Let's get it over."

"Right," I replied. "All aboard for Dixie. I'll row stroke. Will you be Number Two, sir? Grasp my ribs gently with your ankles. Good. Sheila, Number Three, please. Bill, my lad, you'd better play full-back. When I begin to recite my Tennyson———"

"Tennyson?"

"Yes, when I say: 'Break, break, break!' . . . well, you jolly well brake like anything. Right away!"

We glided swiftly out on to the run.

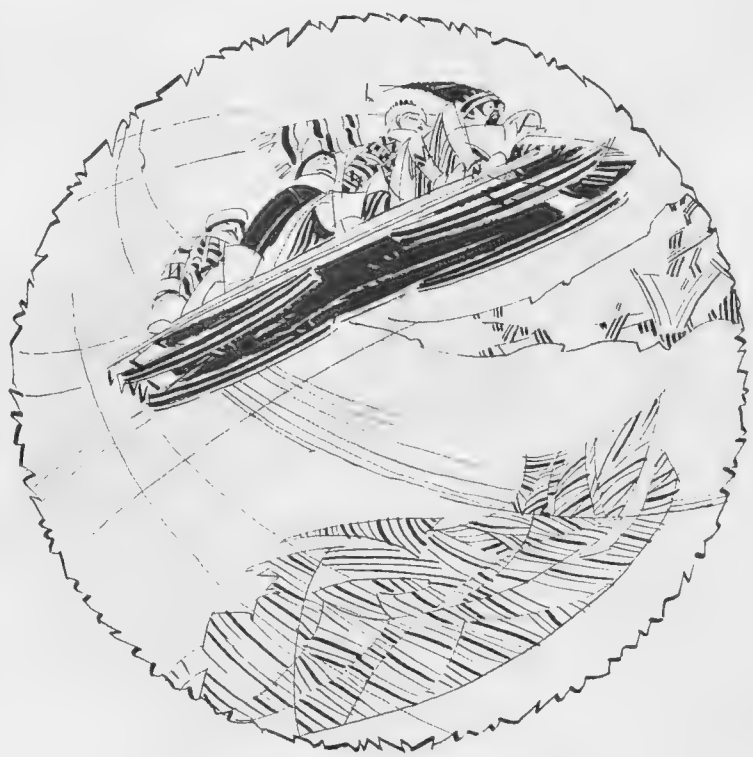
"One, two—bob!" called Bill. "One, two—bob!"

"Achtung!" I yelled, as we shot towards the banked drift, which bounded the first bend.

"Look out!" roared Bill. "We're going——"

I gave my steering wheel the tiniest jerk. Bill shot off backwards into space like a meteorite. The bob went on at furious speed!

"Man overboard!" cooed Sheila, with a delicious little gurgle of laughter. "I feel like Grace Darling. I———"



"'Achtung!' I yelled"

With a scudding thunder of runners we took the next curve. I flicked my wheel. Into the soft snow beyond the bank flew my Sheila, graceful as a bird.

Sheila's father gripped me convulsively. Our speed was now terrific.

"C-can't you slow down?" he stammered. "Why don't you steer straight——?"

A horrible jerk.

"Don't do it!" he gasped. "My nerves won't stand it!"

A ghastly lurch.

"Heavens! I'd give anything to be out of this!"

"Anything?"

"Yes, anything! I——"

"Well," I shot back over my shoulder, "may I marry Sheila?"

"You impertinent young——"

The bob swung like a ship in a gale.

"Yes, yes," he quavered. "Anything to get out of this!"

"Man overboard!"

"That's a promise," I said, and turned my wheel as we took the horse-shoe bend.

He got out.

Five minutes later I met Sheila on the side road.

"It's all right," I said. "Teddie's consented. We must now send the St. Bernard to find him. He'll probably cut us off . . . *without a bob!*" A. A. T.

A Scots doctor of our acquaintance recently bought a popular treatise on birth control. We, however, forebore to ask him if bang went sexpence.

. . . . .

Bobby, who is a wireless enthusiast, was treated by his father to some oysters, which he detests. He informed his pals that he wished the guv'nor would buy valves, not bi-valves.

A QUIET "DECKO" *G. P. U.*

Tubby Edlin (left) and Ambrose Thorne, as two warriors bold in "Alf's Button" at the Princes Theatre, temporarily forget the "strafes" of the forward lines in laughs of the lines in the Bystander. The correct "atmosphere" in this play is enhanced by the fact that they are reading a war-time issue of this paper

BY NORMAN KEENE

A CROSS-WORD PROBLEM AT MÜRREN

"YOUR CAL

And, as it is winsome Miss Switzerland calling, it is quite irresistible—even if there were no fog and rain here in Eng
in the land of Winter Sports. Are you

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

L, MISS ! "——

gland now ! Although this drawing was made at St. Moritz, it is typical of the welcome that awaits you at every place answering the call in the true sporting spirit ?

THOSE COMING EVENTS . . . .

That cast their inquisitive shadows before them at Pontresina. The three "just men" thus pictured in the foreground are the advance guard of THE BYSTANDER Winter Sports' staff seeking new worlds to conquer. The Coming Events . . . . some splendid Winter Sports Numbers in the future!

NEW SERIES

LITTLE NATURE STUDIES

By ARTHUR MILLS *Illustrated by A. WALLIS MILLS*

No. 1.—THE LOUNGE LIZARD

THE Lounge Lizard may be found in nearly all parts of the world, though across the Atlantic a campaign of extermination is being waged against the species, on the ground that it serves no useful purpose.

This seems rather hard, for if the Lounge Lizard is not of one blood with the "Live Wire," it certainly does no harm. On the contrary, it often contributes to the amenities of life as it runs about happily from one house to another, or suns itself in the smiles of society.

In fact, some say that Lounge Lizards are indispensable to entertaining, as they are always accessible, can be telephoned to at the last minute, and never get "kept in the city."

The Lounge Lizard's principal stock-in-trade is loquaciousness. It generally knows a little bit about everything and everybody. If it has any regular means of livelihood, it is going from house to house relating its stock of personal gossip.

Montmorency Fitz-Pry was an adept at this. He had lived in the golden days when a Lounge Lizard was a Lounge Lizard and no dinner-party was complete without one; in fact, when to dine out every night was a dignified profession, and hostesses registered in their engagement books the names of those that followed it.

Montmorency viewed the passing of this era with grave concern. He hated having to pay for his own dinner.

He had snug apartments in Half Moon Street, only fifty yards walk to reach his club; but this walk entailed passing motor cars filled with persons going out to dine, and when Montmorency had not himself been invited, it was a bitter pilgrimage.

He spoke to Major Willoughby McBinks about it. The Major was in the same case as Montmorency, and after passing his life in pleasant places, was ending his days hard.

"The fact of the matter is," said McBinks, "being a gentleman in these days gets you nowhere."

Montmorency pushed his decanter of "club" claret from him, horrified both by the revolutionary nature of the statement and the vulgar way in which it was put.

"Doesn't it?" he said.

"No," said McBinks, absent-mindedly helping himself to Montmorency's claret, "if you want to get asked about nowadays you have either to have a lot of money or do something startling.

"Just look at that fellow Booster," continued the Major, sipping the claret to the disgust of Montmorency who had not intended his gesture as an invitation, "ever since he started a hen shop, he's been asked everywhere."

"Started a what?"

"A hen shop; says he has found a breed of hens that lay bigger eggs than any other hens. You read about him and his darned birds in every paper."

"But does Booster know anything about poultry?" Montmorency retrieved his decanter.

Major McBinks made a gesture of scorn.

"Not a thing. But people think he does, and now you meet him everywhere as the man who has the wonderful hen shop—*so* interesting. Believe me," —McBinks looked round for the decanter but it was now placed beyond his reach—"do something and advertise it is the only way to get on these days."

That night Montmorency gave serious thought to matters. He had been born in an age when publicity was considered vulgar. He could remember when his cousin and only wealthy relative, the aged Earl of Hare, had personally ejected a photographer from a garden party. However, one must move with the times, and something had to be done.

Next week London was startled by a full-page illustration in a weekly paper. It showed Montmorency in shirt sleeves and apron behind a counter on which were twenty cups and plates. Below in block capitals, "Earl's Cousin opens a Coffee Stall."

Immediately after the appearance of the photo, Montmorency went down with a cold—the direct result, he feared, of malnutrition.

However, he believed the lean days were past. He had at any rate done something original. Invitations would pour in once more.

He waited. No invitations came. Indeed, his most hardy annual, Lady Flint's dinner on the eve of the National, failed him. But bills poured in from all quarters, from tradesmen such as his hatter and tailor, who had never dreamed of pressing him before.

One afternoon he crept out uncertainly to the Park and dropped into a seat. Just in front of him, he saw old Lady Flint. But she did not notice him. She was talking to a friend, evidently about the dinner-party to which Montmorency, for the first time for ten years, had not been invited.

"So difficult entertaining now," Lady Flint was saying, "it is such a cutlet for cutlet business; but really with the super tax and everything . . . felt rather a pig leaving poor old Montmorency Fitz-Pry out. I hear he is in very low water—keeping a coffee stall."

When he got back to his rooms, Montmorency found a letter from Lord Hare. The aged Earl was evidently enraged. He wrote as follows:

"As you have chosen to bring my name into public ridicule and disrepute, I have instructed my solicitor to stop your allowance."

Montmorency was reading this dazedly when his man announced Major McBinks.

The Major clasped his hand and thumped him on the back.

"Brilliant, old man—brilliant. Never thought you'd think of anything so good. I say, will you do me a good turn for giving you the hint?"

"What?" asked Montmorency.

"Take me on as a waiter."

"I'll do more," said Monty, with gusto, "I'll give you the whole stall."

PARISIANA *By "René"*

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

"Treize, je vous écoute"

MES AMIS—

Des complications, encore des complications, et toujours des complications. Which, being freely interpreted, means that one man in his time, if his time be the present, can, alive or dead, cause more mix-ups among his fellows than could the greatest of his great-great-grandsires. The world is becoming too complicated, too full of interlocking cogwheels. We may be making vast progress, but we are paying too stiff a price for it.

ALL of which would sound very platitudinous, and unworthy of recording on the Remington, if it had not a particular, perturbing, a'most paralysing application to events of the moment. We are becoming the slaves of interdependence. Somebody, either a President or someone with a correspondingly single-track mind, made quite a fuss about the advantages of interdependence—which he imagined he had discovered—announcing that it would be a safeguard for the future of the human race.

BUT he had never had to groan under its penalties. He had probably lived all his time in the front of Main Street and had never had to seek the temporary obscurity and safety of back streets, or towns remote from his home town. There are folk in France who would tell him that the cogwheels of interdependence are a menace to the security of society.

INTERDEPENDENCE has become a bane to thousands of more or less respectable citizens of France. A man is no longer able to get lost, if and when he likes, without the police employing all their inappropriately efficient resources to track him down in his lair, or pierce his *incognito*. Not primarily because they want to make, or renew, acquaintance with *him* at all; but secondarily, as part of the current crime mystery, because they have been informed, or led to suspect, that he may have been the victim of some cruel murder of which he has never even heard, let alone suffered.

BUT, *bien entendu*, once dragged forth into the glare, he loses the sympathies of those who had thought him miserably dead and has to render account, material or moral, to those who would have been in pursuit had they imagined that his feet were still above earth. From a Heaven of anonymity he is brought down to a Hades of discarded *dames* and detested duns. *Quelle descente!*

PITY the poor suburban Don Juan of Passy, who has surreptitiously departed from his respectable *quartier* to spend an idyllic three weeks on the Riviera unknown to his *concierge*, or even less inquisitive neighbours. He unfolds a newspaper on the Promenade des Anglais, and suddenly discovers that he is not only officially reported dead, but is also alleged to have been cut into small pieces by an unknown criminal, with an acknowledged skill as a carver.

HE learns that the nose-poking *concierge* has informed the police that he was an eccentric sort of individual with a queer taste in friends, that he always carried a considerable sum of money in a body-belt, and that he was just the unintelligent kind of person to be led into an ambush by an apache.

THEN, before he has had time to debate the disagreeable prospects fully with the lighter half of the idyll, or to adopt her suggestion that the best way to prove that he is still intact and unhacked is to take the

(Continued on page 146)

"Mere peckers and nibblers"

Studies from Life—As Seen in the Quartier Latin

BY BERT WILSON

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF ART STUDENT LIFE IN PARIS

first train home, the police sleuths pounce upon him and show extreme annoyance to learn that he is very obviously alive. "Then you are not the fellow who was sawn up into morsels?" rasp the detectives, angrily. "You might have let us know earlier and saved a lot of trouble." *Triste fin d'idylle!*

ONE after another people have been unwillingly discovered in out-of-the-way corners of France, just when they did not want to be discovered, people who had fled from nagging wives or nauseating mothers-in-law, and less worthy citizens who had merely fled from debts and their brawny collectors. "Why should a discreet disappearance be compromised by the thoughtless efficiency of criminals," protest these indirect victims. The crime mystery purveyors might at least be satisfied with concealing their own identity, without hiding that of their victim, and leaving every vanishing husband or debtor open to the terrors of a country-wide man-hunt.

THERE is an unhealthy craze for the establishment of identity and qualifications generally. Telephone girls are being asked to attach a number to their voice of mystery, so that it shall be possible to distinguish them. That should shake the old theory about safety in numbers. If any one of them murmurs to me, "*Treize, je vous écoute,*" I shall be quite unable to settle down until I have put a bit of money on something, thirteen being my lucky number. And if one of them lisped "*Quatre-vingts, dix-huit,*" who would be able to resist asking, "What about to-morrow night?"

"The days of *ouragan*"

THEN about qualifications. Even the *gourmets'* club is insisting that willing fellows who have placed their feet under the convivial board should have to show more than mere willingness. They must give proof that they are commodious as well as possessing competence in selection. It is alleged that discreditable dyspeptics have sneaked in among the hearty trenchermen, mere peckers and nibblers, chilly tumtums. Now the suspects are to be watched over during the club repasts and their actual consumption checked. If they miss any of the courses or reveal any signals of distress before the menu is completed they will be cast out without mercy.

PARISIENNES savoured a sweet revenge on the carping male during the days of *ouragan*, when trees and chimneys, and even walls, were being blown about. The carpers have always superiorly alleged that the *fantaisies* of the *mode* ran counter to the seasons, but for once the mockers had to concede the *pas*. While the men were spluttering along the roads in pursuit of their broad-brimmed felt hats, the women, with their *cloches* pressed firmly down on their heads, did not even need to hold on to them. And their short skirts were no more troublesome than baggy trousers. One more feminine conquest, when Yvonne can disdain the elements before which Edouard has to bend.

A NOVELTY has been added to our collection of *lettres de faire-part*, already pretty extensive. "Monsieur and Mme. Dupont regret to inform you that they are engaged in divorce proceedings and are no longer receiving at their domicile." Then follow the separate addresses of Monsieur and Madame, so that one shall not make any blunder. Business in the divorce courts does not seem to be getting slack.

RENÉ

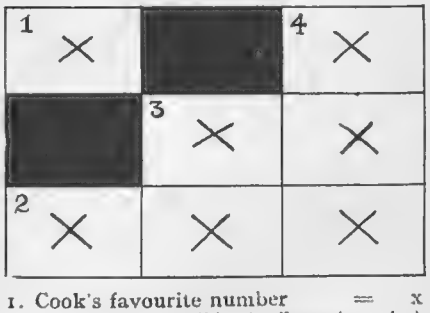
"*Lettres de faire-part*"

THE WORLD'S IMMORTAL CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

A Solution—given more in sorrow than in anger

Anticipating the rush to send in solutions for our puzzle on page 132, and out of consideration for the over-taxed brains of our readers, we hasten to print the solution *now*—and hasten as quickly as we can!

Here it is:—



1. Cook's favourite number = x (Traditional policeman's number)
2. Algebraical symbol = x
3. What we don't like to meet = xx (Exes!)
4. My uncle's favourite beverage = xxx!

Curling Song

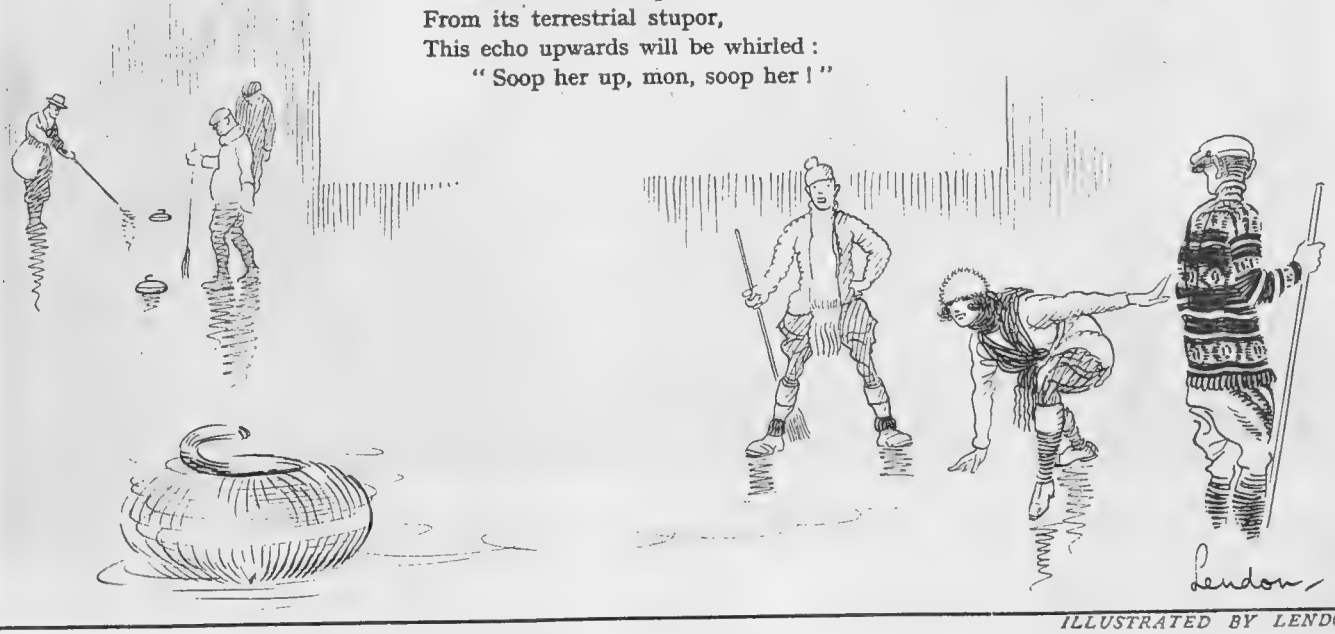
By A A Thomson

My strong right hand it grasps the "stane,"
My foot is on the crampit;
My roaring powers will never wane;
My ardour nought can damp it.
For curlers are a brotherhood
From Kincardine to Cupar;
So shout, then, while the shouting's good:
"Soop her up, mon, soop her!"

When Robert Bruce at Bannockburn
The false invader routed,
What was his war-cry shrill and stern?
What were the words he shouted?
This slogan brought complete dismay
To ev'ry Sassenach trooper
When England heard King Robert say:
"Soop her up, mon, soop her!"

Burns was a bard (as Scotland knows)
Whose shining vision saw that
True love was like a red, red rose
And men were men for a' that;
Sweet were his songs of cup and kiss,
Their fame will never droop, or
Decay: yet Burns wrote nought like this:
"Soop her up, mon, soop her!"

Then let the pibroch skirl in tune;
A truce to all our quarrels;
The present frost will last till June.
Up, bonnets and balmorals!
When Gabriel's trumpet wakes the world
From its terrestrial stupor,
This echo upwards will be whirled:
"Soop her up, mon, soop her!"



ILLUSTRATED BY LENDON

Dark Doings

Lenare

Miss Doris Sawyer making up for the part of Tondeleyo, the dusky siren in "White Cargo." This tropic play has been a "hot" favourite at the Playhouse since its production last May

YOGO HAMA'S FINANCE TIPPINGS

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

YOU shall no doubtfully suffer a ½dz. or so shocks when I shall tell you that I contemplate to enter a highly financial career for myself and grow to become a millionaire. When this are accomplish (I anticipate to become a wealthy in from 3 or 5 weeks), I shall make purchase Hon. BYSTANDER, complete with lock stock and barrels, so that you shall then tremble on your pins for fear of achieving the bag because of not sufficiently reverencing me. Ha, ha, you will not then curtishly ejacule "I insist to demand your copy by not later than the 35-th, else I shall knock you into fits." O very indeedly no! It shall be "Kindly to impardon my so non-presentable and significantless presence, most Hon. Mr. Y. Hama, but disdain to permit I should unworthily become absent for some non-earned lunch and excuse me." I then shall puff with pride and other financial winds and response: "You may hasteishly eschew 1 A.B.C. bun, but if you do not return yourself in 5 or less minutes, I shall bag you without an option." Then you obsequently repart, "Disdain to accept my fathomless gratitudes for this delicious respite from my so importantless toils." And then I shall chucker with evilish g'ee.

"Either, Mr. Y. Hama, you have gazed upon the fizz when he are red, or else your intelligences have suffered a severeish crack. I have often feared to myself that your so brilliant genius would end you up in a Colony or other Hatch," you deplore, Hon. Sir?

I shall not stain my pen to reputt this ignoramus defamation of character, but nonplus you with this letter which, I have receive from Hon. Sir ————, the so famous wealth magnate as follows: "Dear Mr. Y. Hama, I have read very assiduously your so inspired commentings on social, political, sporting and other modern inventions, which lead me to modestly suppose you could make equally authentic financial prognosings. If you would devote your so genius talents to high finances, I do not hesitate to doubt you shall reap a very rich harvesting. Yours to obediently command, Hon. Sir————, the famous wealth magnate, Throgmorton Street."

Does this not cause you to blush green with envy? Now, perhapsly, you shall see how entirely you have put your feet in the soup when you depose me to have cracks in the brain. Howeverly, I shall not disdain to bandy you any more words, but haughtishly inform that I have resolve to become a finance magnate and control the world and other destinies. But for benefit of non-sophisticates and suchly home, colonial and provincial persons, I shall explain some high finances with good market tippings.

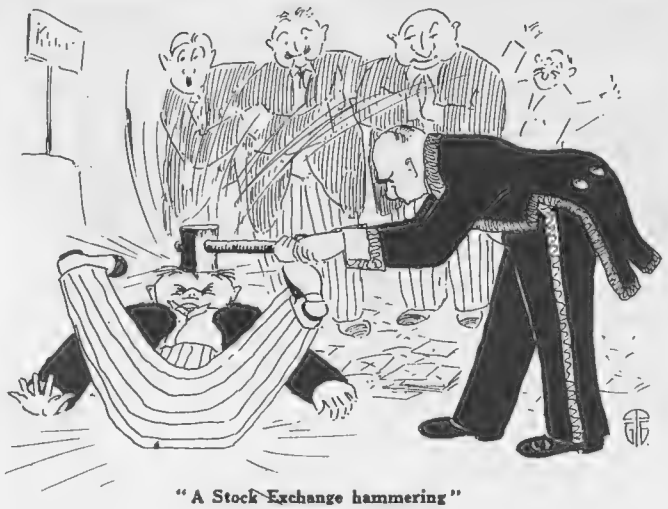
"I have resolve to become a finance magnate"

Persons who pant to become legitimate wealth magnates, must join the Stock Exchange. Only very pure characters with spotless birth warrants, who have not suffer imprisonments or other illegalities, can join this reverent institution where, when they do, must pay 7/6 license fee for lucratively negotiating jobs and stocks. They must then decide to become whether a bull or a bear.

"Kindly, Mr. Y. Hama, to inform how a human person can transpose to become a bull, bear or suchly feathered quadrapetal?" you ignoramusly beseek, Hon. Sir?

If you were not so abysmally educationless in these matters, you should know that bulls and bears are not feathered, but horned quadrapetals. If a member becomes a bull he must fight the bears, and if vice versa he must do the reverse. Clad in requisite skins,

"Bulls and bears pugnaciously combat"



"A Stock Exchange hammering"

the bulls and bears pugnaciously combat in the kaffir or other circus, for who shall be a top-dog.

"Why for, Mr. Y. Hama, do they so inimically slog *v.* against each others?" you seek to require?

This are very infantine question. If they did not combat bulls *v.* against bears, how could they job and stock and grow to be magnates? Kindly to not waste my valuable spaces with so intelligentless interrogations. Now suppose to imagine an Hon. member cannot achieve to afford his 7/6 license fee because, perhapsly, of dissipations or other wicked misfortunes, he are very severeishly hammered. He are ceremoniously disbanded of his top-hat, then led into the kaffir circus where awaits him a very muscular official person armed with a hammer. The so fortuneless victim confesses his trespasses and then suffers 6 or 9 pugnacious strikes on the head with the hammer so that he sees stars and other comets. When Hon. members are not combatting bulls *v.* against bears, they make purchase lucrative stocks, shares and bonds which they then sell at remunerative profits to investing persons and other nonsophisticates.

"Pardon to forgive me for nonimagining to suppose you had so profoundish knowledge of high finances, Mr. Y. Hama. Could you not purvey Hon. BYSTANDER readers some lucrative tippings concerning re jobs and stocks?" you impray?

That are so easy as falling on a log, I repart airishly. For instants, this are good time to make purchase 5 per cent's at 2 or 2½ bar 1. For putting in cold storage I advise Contangoes, which look to be very firm on their quotations. Sporting persons should purchase Russian Vodkas which I have inside informations will rise with a bang. Swashtikas (ord.) are good investings at 3 to 1. Swiss Navigations (def.) look to be healthy at 7-5ths or a ¼ because of the heavy rainfalls. But the best investings, complete with gilt edges in 5 carrots, are Yogo Hama and Co. (pref.). These so lucrative bonds are good at 1/6 per lb. (f. o.b.). This are very excellent and exclusive tipping which not any Hon. Bystanders should afford to miss. Cashes should be sent to the office I shall open in Throgmorton Street, C/o of Yogo Hama and Co's Bucket Emporium; Inside and Outside Brokers, Jobbings in all their Branches, etc. I anticipate to confidently pay 50 or more per cent's. If you should care to make investings in this so lucrative firm, I can favour to oblige you at my earliest conveniences.

"I shall open in Throgmorton Street"

"And when you have acquired to become a millionaire, Mr. Y. Hama, how shall you dispose yourself?" you beseek?

O, perhapsly I shall write you some very beautiful commentings of how I wish I could be poor again and honest, also what terrible burden these so vastish riches make me to stagger under. Also I shall become healthless with not any hairs to my head like Hon. Sir Carnegie and suffer stomach dyspeptics, gouts and other wealthy distempers which shall cause me to live on a ½ apple and water or other dead sea vegetables.

"But if you suffer so great wealth burdens, Mr. Y. Hama, could you not divest some by giving me 1,000's of £'s per annum pensioning?" you impray?

I shall not answer this so preposterish and infantine suggesting. Hoping, Hon. Sir, you still suffer good healths, I remain

Yogo Hama

"The terrible burden of so vastish riches"

GIVE HER PEARLS SHE WILL WEAR!

It is just as easy for a woman to detect the artificial glitter of a necklace that is not true to Nature, as it is difficult for her to distinguish between the soft luminous iridescence of Oriental Pearls and the perfect reproduction of that quality in Téclas. She will wear Orientals or Téclas gladly, but she will soon discard a gift of the other kind.

Técla

7 Old Bond Street London

PARIS
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16 Avenue de Verdun Nice

NEW-YORK
398 Fifth Avenue

SOME COMPETITORS *Sport and General*

A starting-post photograph before the race for the Andrew Irvine Challenge Cup at Mürren. The Cup was presented in memory of the late Mr. A. C. Irvine who lost his life on Mount Everest

Sport and General

FACILIS DESCENSUS . . . .

Mr. J. A. Joannides, one of the British representatives in the British v. Swiss Universities' Ski-ing match, during the slalom race at Mürren

MR. C. E. W. MACKINTOSH *Sport and General*

Scottish Rugger international, Oxford running blue and captain of the British Ski team, who won the Andrew Irvine Challenge Cup at Mürren

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT *L. N. A.*

A skikjoring team getting into shape for the forthcoming races on the Lake of St. Moritz at the end of the month

ONE WAY TO KEEP WARM *Farringdon Photo Co.*

A hot moment in an Ice Hockey match at St. Moritz, between "London Lions" and a team representing the home town

A CRAWL TO THE BAR *P. L. M.*

Competitors in an obstacle skating race, negotiating an awkward bar to progress, on the course at Chamonix

LEAP YEAR IN SWITZERLAND *Central Press*

A competitor in that most thrilling and picturesque of winter-sports, ski-jumping, at Wengen

Sport and General

A SWISS REPRESENTATIVE

Mr. Werner Salvisberg, of Zurich University, in the slalom race at Mürren during the British and Swiss Inter-'Varsity match

Sport and General

GETTING UP STEAM—AND SNOW

Viscount Knebworth, one of the British representatives, during the race for the Andrew Irvine Cup at Mürren. He finished second to Mr. Mackintosh

FULL STEAM AHEAD IN SWITZERLAND NOW

SPORT is well under way this month at the principal Swiss resorts. At Mürren the first ski race of the season in which an official team of British representatives took part, was the meeting between the combined British and the Swiss Universities. Two days ski-ing, viz., a straight race between Scheidegg and Grindelwald, and a slalom race at Mürren, left the Swiss team winners by 33 points to 17.

RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

Grand National

THE entries for the Grand National are pretty much in accordance with general expectations. They are fewer than was the case twelve months ago, but nobody will grumble at that so long as the quality is properly represented. It is difficult to recall a steeplechasing season in which so few really promising jumpers have been seen as is the case this winter. Good new blood appears to be totally lacking, and it is difficult to account for this singular dearth of likely newcomers to the game. Some of the old brigade are gradually disappearing. For example, Shaun Spadah has been taken out of training, and we shall miss him from the Grand National field this time. Sergeant Murphy, however, is still a force to be reckoned with, and once again appears in the entry at Aintree. It has not been possible to train Master Robert since his unexpected triumph last spring, but Music Hall seems to be perfectly sound again, and is to be given the opportunity of repeating his Grand National success of 1922. At the moment the best favourites for the premier steeplechase would seem to be Fly Mask and Conjuror II, while Ballinode, Winnall, and Silvo are others who are being quoted at comparatively short prices.

A Lincoln Tip

ALTHOUGH the weights for the Lincolnshire Handicap will not be published until next week there has already been a certain amount of betting on that race. Among the Lincoln tips which are floating around is one for Browside. I remember this colt putting up quite a respectable show in the Derby, and subsequently he won a race at Kempton Park. He was bought at the December Sales by Mrs. Solly Joel, and is now in the hands of Harry Cottrill at Lambourn. That

By 'The Tout'

MR. BISGOOD

One of our budding amateur horsemen sketched the other day while awaiting the opportunity for a "bump round" at one of the "Park" meetings

trainer has happy recollections of winning the Lincoln with Glanely, and by all accounts he is hopeful of repeating the performance with Browside. The best price you could get about this colt last week was 20 to 1, and others on the same mark were Dumas and Mignault.

A French Champion

THERE is quite a possibility that the Epsom Derby may this year be won by a French colt. I refer to Ptelomy, who belongs to Captain Jeff Cohn, and is trained by Robert Denman. This is the stable which brought off the Lincolnshire coup with Sir Gallahad III. Denman is a trainer of great experience, and I have deep respect for his judgment. I happen to know that he thinks Ptelomy one of the best horses he has had in his care for a long time past, and his present ideas are that the colt will give Picaroon and the rest of the English cracks a very hard race at Epsom. Ptelomy's best performance as a two-year-old was accomplished in the Grand Criterium at Longchamp, which occupies much the same position in French racing as the Middle Park Stakes does here. It is a genuine test of staying powers, the distance being a mile. It is quite certain that if there is any flaw in the stamina of the best of our three-year-old colts, Ptelomy is a likely sort to discover it.

This Week's Meetings

THE mid-week meeting is at Lingfield, where there should be some fair sport in spite of the fact that the ground will probably ride exceedingly deep. The Weald Steeplechase on Thursday should be one of the most attractive features of the fixture. **Winnall** may be the winner. At Windsor on Friday I expect **Rousham** to win the St. Leonard's Steeplechase, and **All Away** is my selection for the Corporation Hurdle Handicap on the second day.

HUNTING NOTES . . . By A. W. Coaten

The Pytchley

THOSE connected with the Pytchley Hunt were rejoiced to learn last week that there is now a good prospect that the resignations of the Joint Masters will be withdrawn. It seems that the financial difficulties, which caused Sir Charles and Colonel Jack Lowther to announce their intention of retiring, are now in a fair way to satisfactory adjustment. Followers of the pack will be delighted to see the same leaders in command next season. Recent sport in the Pytchley country has reached an exceptionally high standard. On successive days Freeman and his hounds have provided sparkling gallops, one of their best outings being that which followed the meet at Crick last week. Although the country is very heavy to ride over just now, it has the advantage of holding a good serving scent.

"F and M" Again

UNFORTUNATELY, foot-and-mouth disease has once again made its unwelcome appearance in the Midland district. Outbreaks in Nottinghamshire have dislocated the arrangements of the local packs, while the Quorn and the Belvoir also find a part of their countries under the Ministry of Agriculture's restrictions. Early last week the Quorn had to change their meeting-place to Ashby Pastures, but that proved to be a blessing in disguise, as hounds ran remarkably well all day over the cream of their country. The Prince of Wales was among those who enjoyed this good day's sport with the Quorn. The Belvoir were to have been at Melton Mowbray on Wednesday, but this fixture had to be cancelled, as well as that at Staunton Grange later in the week. The concessions recently granted by the agricultural authorities in regard to prohibited areas will be welcomed by hunting people in this part of the country.

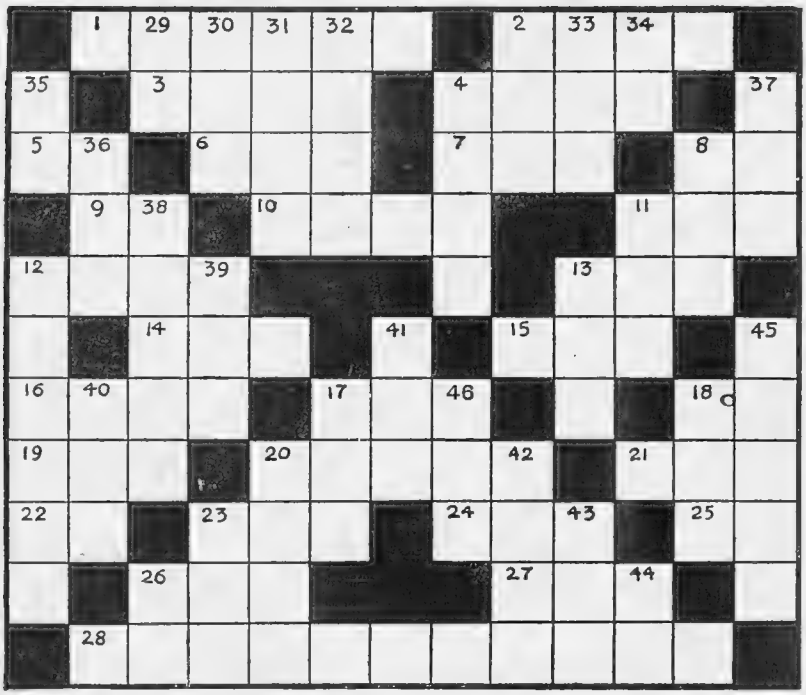
A Change

FROM South Shropshire it is announced that a new M.F.H. is required, Mr. H. J. Hope Barton having decided to retire at the end of the season. His term of office has not lasted more than two years. He is a Master of considerable experience, having hunted the Badsworth country, in Yorkshire, for a number of seasons, while more recently he was associated with the Burton Hounds in Lincolnshire. The last-named pack had an exceptionally good day last week from Clay Bridge. They hunted a fox for an hour and a half, and he was well beaten when they ultimately marked him to ground in a main earth. A point of seven miles was made, and it is estimated that hounds covered twice that distance in the course of the run.

In Ireland

FROM Ireland comes the news that Lord Essex is giving up the East Galway pack, which he took over at the end of last season. Unfortunately, he has not been able to get much sport in that country, as he met with an accident quite early in the season. The "killing" Kildares, which have been hunted by a Committee for some time past, have now found a new Master in the person of Mr. S. Lockwood, who some years ago hunted a pack in Yorkshire. Most of the Irish packs have shown good sport during the present season, and there is much regret there that comparatively few visitors from England should now be hunting in the country.

Try a Worthington Cross Word Puzzle



Across:

1. A grain used for malting.
2. Substance used in brewing.
3. A debatable point.
4. Character of sound.
5. Never said when offered No. 28 across.
6. To study.
7. A beam of light.
8. A conjunction.
9. Near.
10. A Hindoo language.
11. A metallic substance.
12. A refreshing fluid.
13. A falsehood.
14. Even so.
15. Sick.
16. What we all hope for.
17. The invariable answer when offered 28.
18. A personal pronoun.
19. A small drink.
20. Danger.
21. Contraction of Lilian.
22. French for "where"
23. A person ultra particular in dress.
24. A negative particle.
25. To act.
26. A form of address.
27. To catch unexpectedly.
28. The best product of No. 12 down.

Down:

2. A giant bird (extinct).
4. A stumble.
8. Used at the Coronation.
11. A fatty substance.
12. A town famous for beer.
13. An insect.
17. American affirmative.
18. Among.
20. A wine.
23. A resinous tree.
26. A conjunction.
29. Part of verb "to be."
30. A fabulous bird.
31. A folding of string.
32. A volcano.
33. Some.
34. French for "the."
35. Not out.
36. A decoration.
37. Anger.
38. A by-product of breweries.
39. A cereal.
40. An acknowledgement of debt.
41. A possessive pronoun.
42. Far from short.
43. A harmful rodent.
44. An American form of address.
45. Not above.
46. To err.

The Solution will appear in the "Bystander" next week

TRADE MARK

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"ROYAL BELFAST"
and "PALE DRY."

We should like you to try both and choose for yourself.

Vigorous Health

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It touches the harp of life and will help you to mobilize all the forces of both mind and body.

Choose it as your drink Imperial, aim at efficiency, follow the gleam, and your gift of service may become immortal.

"Never anything can be amiss
When earnestness and duty
tender it."

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From Our Portrait Gallery

Bake Studios

THE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE

Princess Beatrice's daughter-in-law, who presented the prizes to the winning costume wearers at a Children's New Year Party at Claridge's Hotel, given in aid of the Waifs and Strays Society. Lady Carisbrooke is interested in many charities, including the League of Pity, in aid of which there was a children's dance last week, and the Winter Distress League

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If All The World Was a Stage—

By Blanchette

Illustrated by Helen McKie

LONDON, *January* 19

DEAR COUSIN—

ALL the world's a stage, someone says somewhere, does'nt he? And all the men and women thereof just actors and actresses, or words to that effect. Must be this Shakespeare man, I think, really, that they seem to be reviving all over the place. Just the sort of nice, solid, sententious bromide he *would* have solemnly given birth to, too, methinks. Well, anyway, let's thank Heaven, or Mr. Wells, or Mr. Bennett, or Mr. Lovat Fraser, or Lady Astor, or Mr. Basil Dean, or Mr. Noel Coward, or whoever *does* run the world, that it isn't ('cept in a purely Shakespearian sense) 's'lutely true.

JUST think what an awful thought it really would be if we had to live and move and have our beings just same sort of way they do in plays, 'specially the sort or kind that's lately been visiting our very best theatres. At which precise point, dear cousin, and 'fore going one single step further, would wish to point out to you how deeply and immensely I admire all our actors and actresses 'thout exception, also dramatists and producers and every single one of the people who help to put the shows on. But oh! *mon Dieu!* if only they had to come to life, *what* a life!

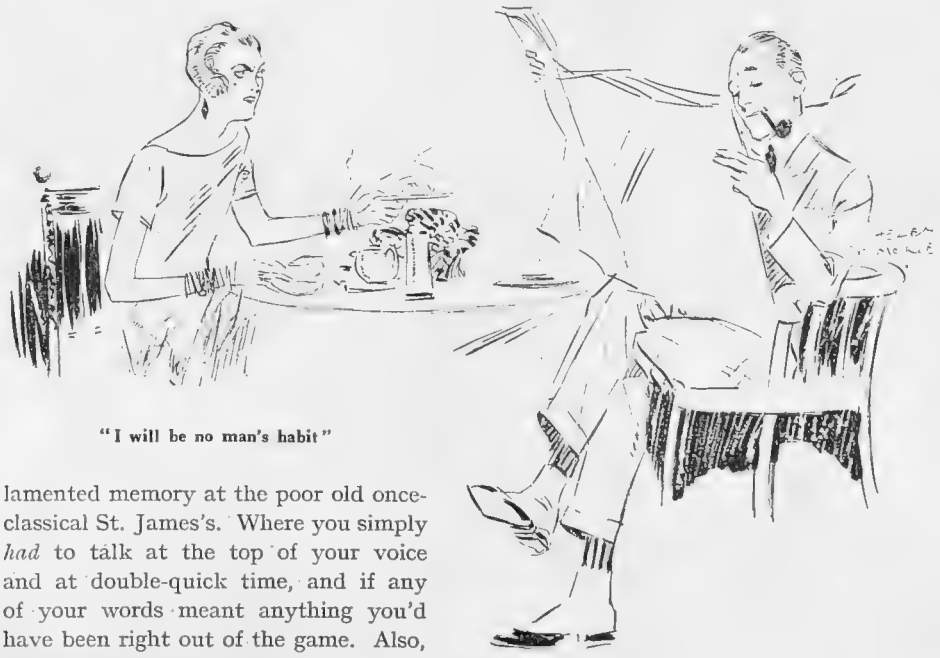
FANCY being 'pelled, f'rinstance, to pass through an existence of perpetual farce, like in *Meddlers* of late-lamented memory at the poor old once-classical St. James's. Where you simply *had* to talk at the top of your voice and at double-quick time, and if any of your words meant anything you'd have been right out of the game. Also, always, whether 'fore breakfast or after dinner, you'd simply *got* to be throwing top hats about with your feet or undressing uncomfortably behind a screen (for no 'ticularly 'citing reason) or you simply wouldn't 've been allowed to breathe or exist.

NO one, either, ever being permitted for one single moment to do anything but utterly and entirely misunderstand the simplest words and phrases. That being, 'parently, the first and essential root principle, as you might say, of life as lived in all the best and most sacredly traditional farces. And have you noticed there's nowhere in the world where they do have such frightf'lly and super-rigidly strict rules, 'parently, as 'bout being funny on the stage? Not that it's the actors' or actresses' faults, bless their little 'earts, *or* the dramatists', but it's just rather *expected* of you when on the boards—either to throw the chicken about, I mean, or else cry bitterly in the hero's arms. Whereas if you talk really lightly about serious things or really seriously about the lighter things, you're not only damned, but already dead.

AND then, d'you know, not altogether sure, either, as I'd altogether care to lead the life they do in a quite 'paratively superior (or meant to be) drammer such as *Camilla States Her Case* at the Globe. Wherein darling Margaret Bannerman looks lovelier than ever, in such a sweet (and varied) selection of gowns. Her little painted chiffon frock alone, that she wears much longer than most (act'lly two whole scenes), being a 'plete and seductive masterpiece—pink and green flowers on a cream background, with that new one-sided skirt effect of flat flounces running crosswise and ending in a sort of cascade.

"clurkiest of little clurks"

NO wonder she says "I will be no man's habit." But exc'lent husband, bart. of ancient lineage and ancient tho' encumbered estates, doesn't 'preciate that point of view a little bit, and pours out all the old traditional British aristocrat stunt in the best Hollywood style. Got to be mother of his children, she has, and not to waste time over other mere trifling affairs such as her profesh., and all that sort of thing. As Camilla remarks, can you beat it? Not in real life, anyway, I don't think. Where I don't b'lieve even the clurkiest of little clurks 'd ever dare, these days, to s'gest his wife shouldn't go on with a job she'd got right to the top of just 'cos she happened to be a female woman, and so on.



"I will be no man's habit"

JUST think, too, if we were all actors and actresses and always had to go about c'mitting exotic vices like in *The Vortex*, or being ineffably virtuous as in most of the other best dramas of the day. Some strain on the grey matter, meseems, not to mention the mere heartstrings. And yet d'you know, frightful as the prospect seems,

"A thrilling circus with clowns"

I do b'lieve there's thousands and thousands of people, not to say millions, in these isles, that get their ideas and ideals almost, if not entirely and solely, from the aforesaid theatre!

How else account, I ask you, for the strange happenings and phenomena that occur on first nights? When, as you enter, somewhat lately, the portals of the appointed place of amusement, with waiting escort p'litely assuring you he hasn't really been there a single min., there crowd along, behind you, and around you, a little phalanx of eager spectators burning to see the celebrated, the arbiters of their destinies, go in. And why, when we come out again, are the above-mentioned portals even more thronged with equally eager (not to say nosey) persons all strung up to drink in the joy of merely seeing those who have seen—what? Oh, hell-p, if they'd only been there in the stalls or boxes 'emselves. . . .

But, rapidly rushing away from the theatre at the appointed hour (or even before it in extreme cases, such as those briefly alluded to above, what?), there's a resource, a refuge, a home for little children, as they put it in Hymns A. and M. Several of 'em, in fact. One whereof 'fess I sampled the other night in just such a *contre-temps* as we've more or less alluded to and (Biblically speaking) found it good. Or, in other words, having been harassed by hopeless theatrical effort and done to the world by devastating drama, sank abs'lutely into the lap of luxury afterwards, we did, at the rather nice resort called Oddy's, which is Regent Street way—or so I gathered from instructions hastily whispered to the O.C. taxi.

Where, *plus* a pleasant supper served under well-and-truly shaded lights (tho' why do they have a crimsony one that's *most* unbecoming to all our complexions whether there of their own accord or bought in a box?) *on danse*, if required, to a 'stremely delightful band in the gallery. Or else, perchance, *on entend* the various rather pleasing noises emitted by the Chez Fysher Cabaret—a song or two, an imitation or two, some marvellous notes from a strange instrument, and a word or two from M. Fysher himself, the *toujours* (as they say) courtly and urbane. Must say sometimes (no special or pers'nal allusion intended), I don't altogether wonder people go to cabarets 'casionally or somehow miss the theatre out.

"Dined comfortably at Romano's"

Or—yet another refuge aforesaid—the pictures. Where, at any rate, they only *pretend* to be life-like and we all pretend to take 'em seriously. Like the new film at the Tivoli, yclept intriguingly *He Who Gets Slapped*, which, despite its title, is drama of the most tragic and 'citing kind. Dined comfortably and well (said she, licking her rougéd lips) at Romano's the other night, and slipped across the road to sit entranced at the wicked Italian Counts and French Barons and people, not to mention a thrilling circus with clowns and a real lion that mauls the aforesaid foreign villains to death. Wept copiously and unashamedly I did, at the unhappy ending of dear Lon Chaney that should draw crowds to the Tiv. for many a foggy night to come.

By the way, talking about theatres (I did just mention 'em, didn't I?) I wonder, please, dear cousin, whether you can just help me on a tiny bit towards the s'lution of the mystery—why is it that always and without fail we (or 'tany rate I) simply and invariably find ourselves on arrival (very nearly up to time, and anyway the orchestra hasn't stopped playing) pushing our way manfully or womanfully through positive plantations, not to say forests, of the largest and most immovable legs you've ever seen? To accompaniment, permit me to add, of blackest looks and most murderous muttered comments that ever anyone could imagine.

Someone, I s'pose, makes a corner, as they say, in all the end or corner seats. Stock Exchange millionaires, p'raps, or some of those theatrical magnates (*mot juste*) who realise the joys of a restful life, what? Wise men, unlike the ones that Dean Inge rightly complains of, who actually talk in trains, 'bout all sorts of topical topics like the latest murder, and the c'lossal crimes of the Southern Railway, and can St. Paul's be saved, and do dancing girls dope, and is shingling dangerous, and all the rest of it.

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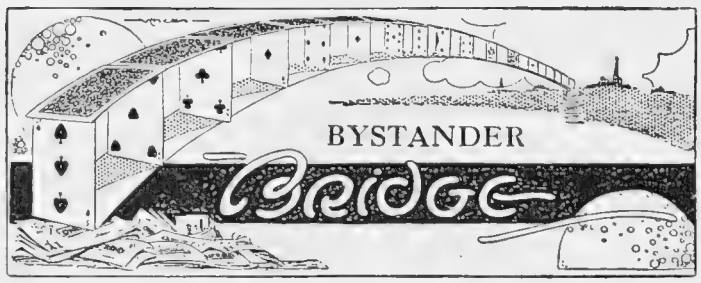


BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

Use and Abuse of the Pre-Emptive Bid

If I were asked to name the most common failing of the average English Bridge player I should say: "Too much *individualism in bidding*." He is apt to regard the game from the point of view of his own hand, and to forget the fact that his partner holds thirteen cards.

Whatever may be said against the American system of conventional doubles, this much, at least, must be admitted by their stoutest opponents in their favour. They do promote partnership and effective team work—a very desirable object.

They necessitate abnegation and self-denial. The player with the better hand has often to subordinate himself to his partner with the weaker hand. The man with the good cards does not necessarily play the joint hands. He foregoes the pleasure of actual play and becomes Dummy for the benefit of the partnership.

. . . . . .

This does not suit some players at all. As one of them expressed it, "If I have the cards I like to play the hand, and I do not want my partner butting in."

This attitude is especially noticeable in our younger and so-called "advanced" school of players, many of whom have been brought up on Auction Bridge, without the preliminary training of Whist. Here I would remark, parenthetically, that, in my opinion, everybody ought to learn Whist as a preliminary to Auction Bridge. No game so thoroughly teaches the elements of partnership nor so admirably inculcates the card virtues. All the best Auction Bridge players I have met are old Whist players. I always recommend the young Bridge aspirant to study Cavendish, Clay, and Pole on Whist. As Clay wrote: "Whist is a language and every card played an intelligible sentence."

This applies equally to Auction Bridge, where every *bid* should have a distinct and intelligible significance, free from ambiguity.

. . . . . .

But many young people have gone mad over the pre-emptive bid. I play sometimes at a London Club, the members of which are mostly young men of wealth and position, where an initial bid of three or four of a suit is the rule rather than the exception. It is made often without rhyme or reason, and absolutely regardless of considerations of partnership. In fact, the games are played largely on the basis of what is called "Skip"—three-handed Bridge, where all are against all.

. . . . . .

Now I am no opponent of the pre-emptive bid. I recognise it as a valuable weapon of offence and defence when properly used. But the occasions when it should be used are few and far between. A hand in which it is essential to pre-empt is a rarity. Many of the hands on which some players pre-empt should not be called at all initially. They should be reserved for the second round of bidding.

This is particularly the case at the score of love all, when an unsound pre-emptive bid may meet with disaster, and handicap the side for the rest of the rubber.

I would restrict the pre-emptive bid to—

(*a*) A hand that can in all probability be no use in partnership.

(*b*) When the holder fears the bidding of another suit in which he is weak, or of which he is bare.

(*c*) When the score demands drastic measures.

. . . . . .

A pre-emptive bid of three or more in a major suit (I rule out a bid of two because it is not really pre-emptive) should be made on a hand when the player cannot bid his hand more than once. It should be a final bid. The player has shot his bolt. He bids three because he can never bid four, or he bids four because he can never bid five. It does not mean necessarily that he can make his contract. He is entitled to rely upon his partner holding two tricks. If his partner has a "bust," and the pre-emptive bid is left in, he has at least saved the game at small cost.

The stronger the hand in *defence* the less necessity for the pre-emptive bid.

. . . . . .

The minimum requirement for an initial bid of three of a major suit should be seven of the suit headed by King, Queen, with a possible trick outside, and weakness or bareness in the other major suit. Without Ace, or King, a suit of eight, headed by Queen, Jack, 10, with an outside quick trick, demands a three bid. It is useless to bid one or two of it.

My experience shows that an initial bid of "three Spades" is the most useful of all pre-emptive bids. It shuts out the showing of Hearts, unless they are all massed in one hand. A bid of "three Hearts" is not nearly so effective. It frequently encourages a bid of "three Spades" on the part of the opponents.

If you have a long Heart suit you can seldom shut out a Spade bid by opponents, but if you have a long Spade suit you can shut out a Heart bid.

. . . . . .

I do not advocate an initial pre-emptive bid of a minor suit of less than five. Three is a useless bid, and four is seldom effective and may be misleading.

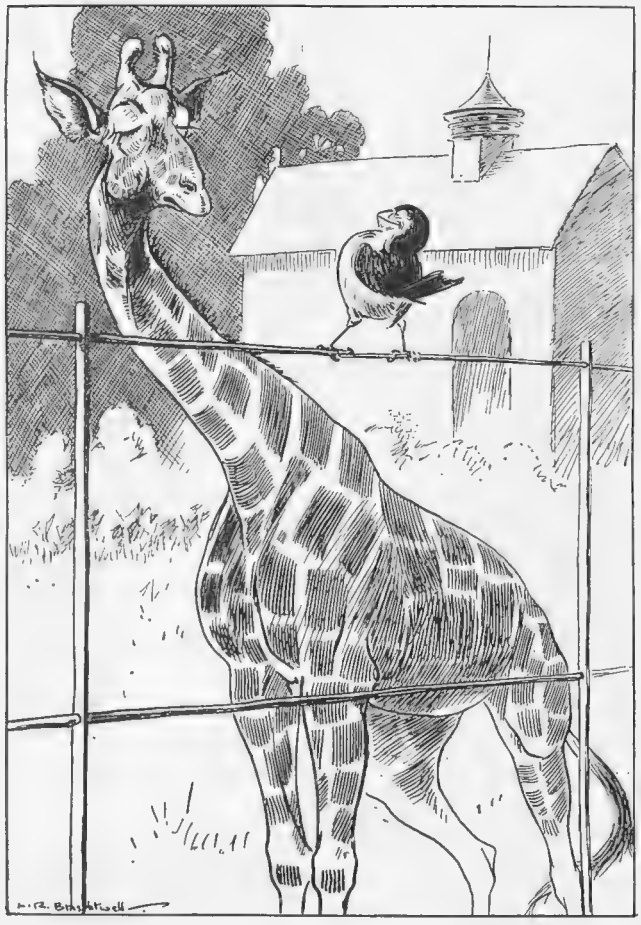
Mr. Whitehead in his book, *Auction Bridge Standards*, gives types of hands on which five Clubs or five Diamonds should be called. I consider his chapter on the pre-emptive bid in this book most valuable, the only point I differ from him being on bidding a solid suit.

Thus with—

S—10, 7.
H—Q, 5.
D—A, K, Q, 9, 6, 5, 4, 2.
C—4.

he says "dealer should bid at least four originally." My view is that this is an initial "one Diamond" bid. Without the Ace I would agree.

The point to me about a pre-emptive bid is that it should not show necessarily a solid suit.



By L. R. Brightwell

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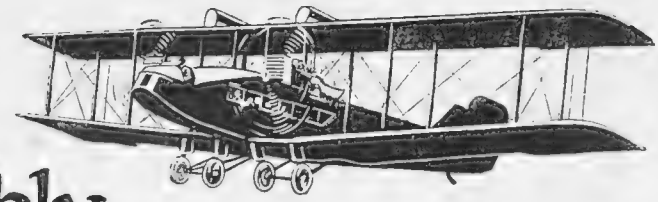

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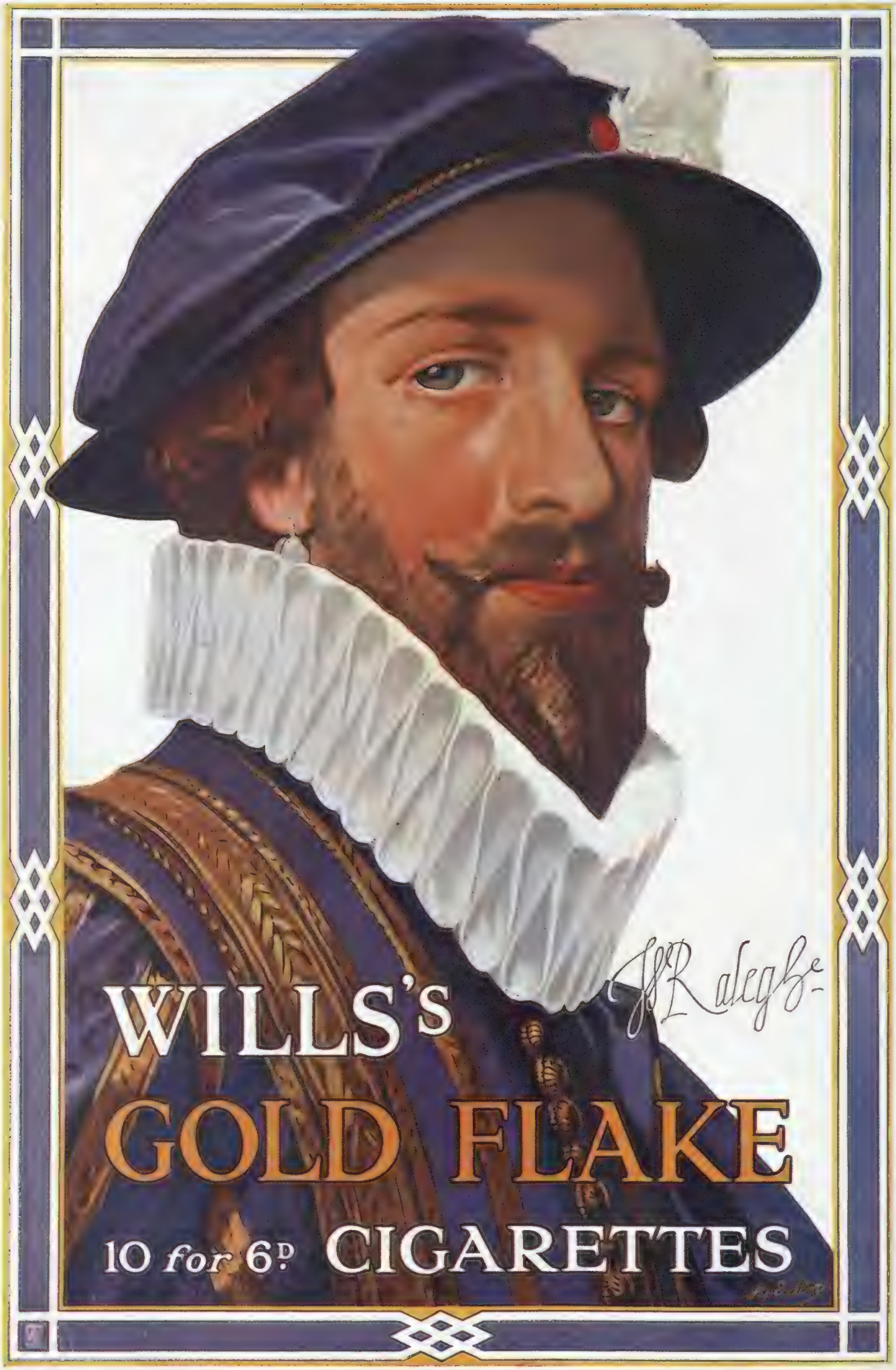
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FEMINA

THE FEMININE POINT OF VIEW

By "CANDIDA"

I'm always amused by the efforts made by all self-respecting papers to devote space (that's what they'd call it) to the feminine point of view. I'm tarred with the brush myself. Even our BYSTANDER, for all the joyous youth and come-on-ishness of his twenty-one summers, believes in a feminine point of view, at least, that's what my title implies. But he knows, just as you and I do, that it's a make-believe, or at least a compromise. The world, if it's to be kept tidy, must divide things up somehow. One must hang one's remarks, such as they are, on some peg or other. You've got to have your special features. A face can't get on without features, and no more can a magazine.

MISS SYBIL SCANES
The young soprano, who is giving a recital of modern songs at the Wigmore Hall to-morrow (January 22)

Especially not a magazine, and why? Because seven-eighths of the world dislikes surprises; because it prefers the same old thing dished up in the same old way. And as it's good policy, anyway a paying one, to give that seven-eighths what it wants, you and I must resign ourselves. Then why do we, meaning the world in general, ever change, you may well ask? We don't, unless we have to. Little by little, very slowly, one or two of those solid, stolid seven-eighths actually change their minds, reluctantly alter their point of view. The successful man isn't he who brings about that miracle (that's a heart-breaking job always), but he who's noticed it coming along and supplies the goods. Equally successful is the one who's aware that nothing has happened worth mentioning and continues to serve up the same old stuff with the same old sauce. And as one might as well be dead as unsuccessful, we go on "featuring" and "feminine-point-of-viewing" just as usual.

What's a feminine point of view? I haven't discovered, though I've tried hard enough. Inwardly, it's something temperamental that makes you act and reason in a certain way. Outwardly, there's the result of that thought and action. I needn't add that the whole business is stereotyped and conventionalised to the nth degree, which is more or less the fault of the theatre, and of art in general, where for convenience sake a woman must act up to the good old part. It would be tiresome to let any new idea upset the existing state of things. Isn't there chaos enough already? So inwardly we go on, or are supposed to go on, just as usual. Outwardly, there's more to go by. Clothes, for instance, the great stand-by of the feminine-point-of-viewer, the slave-to-fashion business, which makes some of the menfolk so angry when they're asked to pay the piper, though *en passant* let it be said that no one's more of a slave to fashion than man himself.

Only it's never an obvious fashion. It's frightfully subtle and deals in fractions of inches, in the number of buttons on a waistcoat, or the tiny brim of a hat, in the presence or absence of braid, and lots of negligible things like these; negligible, I mean, from our point of view. The people who're not in the know never see any difference at all. Whereas our differences shout at you a mile off and leaves no one in doubt as to whether you're wearing the last word, or only the one before the last.

At least, that's the way things used to happen. They don't now, which is one reason why I find it harder and harder to be sure of my feminine point of view. What's to happen to our best prejudices now that fashion's devoted slave is its master, which means, translated into plain English, that we're still in the same old skirts and sleeves though frantic efforts have been made in high quarters to change all that. *The* safe card, the clothes one, isn't by any means the certainty it was. True that the back pages of the papers are still devoted to the absorbing topic, but can we keep it up much longer? It's a mystery to me how the clever people who draw the lovely ladies in convincing attitudes can still manage to find new arrangements of line to produce "the line" that never alters—that ideal of length without breadth, all straight simplicity and curvelessness. There are still buttons and pleatings and things like these to vary the programme, but even they are not inexhaustible. You can't go on piling on the buttons for ever and ever, and there's a limit to the places where you may pleat without being platitudinous. Besides, the horrible truth is that the real *chic*, the one that's practised in the best circles which is never talked about, still less photographed and interviewed, doesn't encourage the frill idea. Its severity is the most uncompromising and courageous thing that's been invented for years.

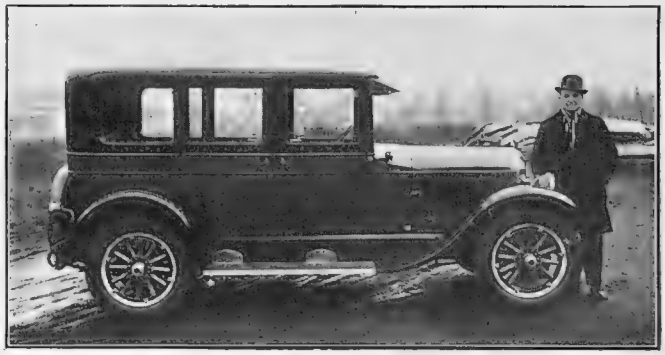
The idea's to look as much like a man as it's possible to look without being one. You know what I mean; all perfect cut and unobtrusiveness; no frills, no flourishes anywhere. Coats so severely tailored that they might as well be overcoats, hats with nothing about them except felt and a hat band. You'll notice, of course, what we're coming to. Look at Scott's, Lincoln and Bennett's, and places where men buy their hats, and you'll see.

MISS HELEN GILLILAND
Who is to play lead in "Love's Prisoner," Major R. Hargreaves's forthcoming musical production at the Adelphi Theatre

In short, the feminine point of view must be changing if the outward is anything to go by. The frills and feathers and frivolities and things must have made a difference to one's outlook. It's just a phase, some people say, but I don't know that it is. I'm not sure that we aren't perfectly right to wear uniform, even if the world's a duller place in consequence, and to devote all our, let's say, capacities to the things that really matter; which point, of course, still remains to be proved. Does it follow that you've got a brain if you're obviously not keeping up a beauty of the expensive sort? I hope so.

MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD



NO PENALTY!

Mr. J. T. Howcroft, the well-known Association football referee, with his new Chrysler Sedan Car

One of the most famous remarks of our most famous Scottish poet is to the effect that "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley." In the world of motors this has never been more fully proved than in the case of the Trans-Saharan tours organised by M. André Citroën. The route was planned, the cars were built, the hotels were in existence, and everything was due to commence in a fanfare of glory at the beginning of this month. Now the whole project has to be postponed for at least a year, owing to the fact that certain North African tribes are not as friendly to the march of civilisation as they might be. The troubles of Spain with the Riffs and the consequent uncertainty as to the security of the French right wing in Algiers has caused the nomad tribes to make this particular neighbourhood remarkably unhealthy for pioneering.

The proposal to give greater illumination to Hyde Park will be received with enthusiasm by all London motorists. When the Park was first opened to engaged taxi-cabs, the volume of traffic suddenly increased, and several fatalities occurred to pedestrians. This risk was reduced by the provision of a number of temporary wooden "islands," each indicated after dark by a couple of red hurricane-lamps. These islands suffered considerable casualties, as I well know, seeing that I pass through the Park practically every morning, and rarely without seeing the wreckage of what had been a staunch little island. The proposal is that more powerful lamps should be fitted in greater numbers.

* * *

As was anticipated, the figures for motor vehicles licensed during 1924 show a very considerable increase over those for the preceding year. For Great Britain, the increase is in the neighbourhood of eighty thousand, which is one reason for the increase in congestion of our thoroughfares. Simultaneously with this announcement, we are told that very drastic proposals have been made for the better regulation of London traffic. The London Traffic Committee has now very wide powers for the regulation of all classes of vehicles using the roads. Some of the proposals are to the effect that in certain streets, traffic shall only be allowed to move in one direction. The advantages of alternative routes to all congested thoroughfares will be impressed upon vehicle drivers. The number of motor-omnibuses using certain streets can be rationed, and endeavours are being made to prevent obstruction by slow-moving traffic which insists on occupying the centre of the fairway. If motorists in general will co-operate with those who are endeavouring to make our thoroughfares more speedy and more safe, a very rapid improvement will soon be noticeable.

* * *

The solid fogs which have been experienced this month have proved that there is no system of lighting at present which enables a beam of light to penetrate the mist. Experiments have been made, and are still proceeding, in order to discover some form of chemically-coloured beam which will have the advantage of penetrating fog, but meanwhile we have to grope our way homewards and hope for the best.

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CHINAMEN IN FRANCE

By 'THE KENNELMAN"

It would seem that many previous records of Dogdom are to be beaten in 1925, including that of the number of important Dog Shows held. To-day (Wednesday) brings two in Birmingham: Alsatians and Airedales; also the Pekingese Palace Dog Association's Show in Kensington, and a Liphook and Haslemere Show. The National Terrier Club's big tamasha at Olympia next Monday, under the presidency of the Duchess of Newcastle, promises a record turn-out of Terriers; and next week also brings a sporting event of first-rate interest in the Irish Wolfhound Coursing Trials at Amesbury: a show worth travelling a very long way to see. In another three weeks, Cruft's at the Agricultural Hall, and a week later Glasgow's championship Show.

It's interesting to note the tremendous growth in popularity of the Pekingese on the Continent; especially in France. Quite a number of English lady fanciers have well-established kennels on the Riviera and have been buying and breeding Pekingese of real quality. One hopes they'll avoid the dangerous craze for excessive and unnatural smallness, which, when it gets into ounces (40 and 50) really is a peril. It's a sign of the times that a new club has been formed in France: *Les Amis des Pékinois et du Japonais*. Given rational treatment and a fair chance, there's no jollier little sportsman than the Pekingese; but extremism in the production of miniatures for the sake of fancy prices is a wicked business, and should be sat on officially—very hard.

If you haven't already put it on your kennel shelf, send *ek dum* for a copy of the new publication called *Dogs of the Year*, edited by Miss F. A. White. (Wilson and Co., 154, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.) It costs only eighteen-pence, but runs to some seventy pages of double ordinary book size, that are full of beautifully produced Dog portraits, and informing, well-written matter on all the leading breeds: an admirable record of the past year's progress.

South Africa offers an excellent market for well-bred *and well-trained* British dogs, because there are many keen fanciers and Dog-lovers there; but the ill-trained or untrained can do a good deal of harm there. The Kaffir-bred mongrel-lurcher is one of the dangers, being an inveterate and cunning sheep-murderer. He will slit the throats of several sheep in a night, being as reckless a killer as the Australian Dingo; and the "boy" who reckons to own him can be relied on to give it out that the murderer was the Airedale, or some *m'lungu's* Dog, anyhow; never the native cur. The white man is sometimes at fault, too; for, however good a Dog may be, if in a country like S.A. he is neglected and snubbed, seldom addressed except to be ordered outside, and generally left to the tender mercies of the "boys," he does invariably deteriorate, lose caste, and fall into evil ways.

Continued enquiries about the treatment of eczema in Dogs, convince me that Kennel Dogs are not nearly enough *handled* by their owners. Neglect of the daily grooming is bad in itself, and even worse because it entails ignorance of condition, coat, skin, and other vital matters. Taken early enough, on its first symptoms, eczema will often as not yield promptly to judicious change of diet; *complete* changes over three or four day spells; *e.g.*, entire elimination of starch; a "straight" flesh, or fish, or farinaceous course, for that period, whichever gives most complete change. Cooked onions, spinach, turnip-tops (well-minced), sulphur and arsenic, can be useful. The great thing is *prompt* recognition and treatment.

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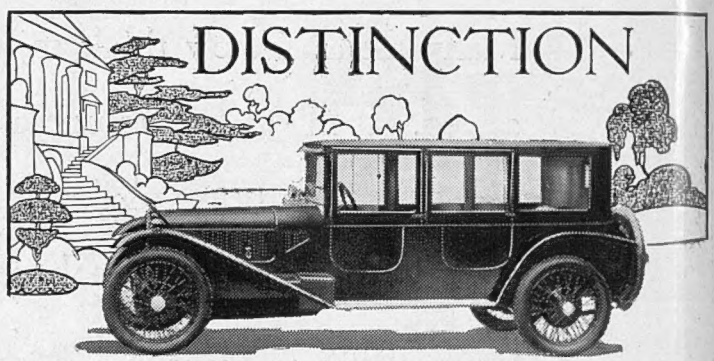

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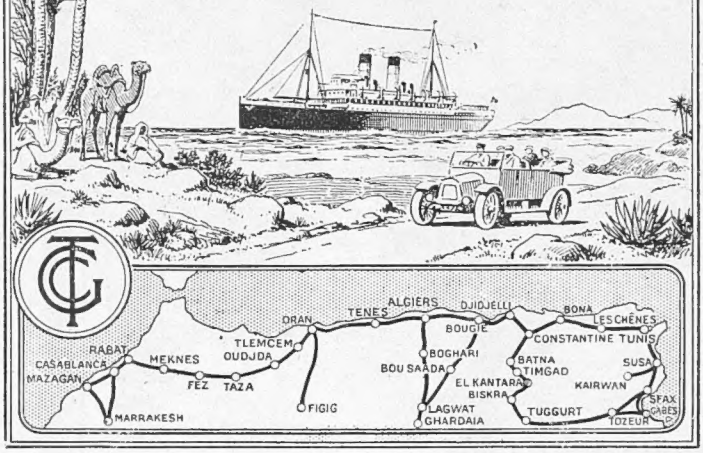

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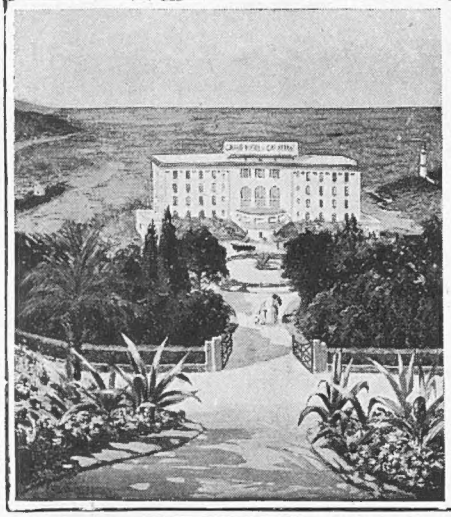

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